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**THE ELDER'S HOUSE;**

**OR,**

**THE THREE CONVERTS.**









He would have given the world for power to repulse her,—to have one harsh word—one angry thought ; but he could not gain them.—It was the face of his dead sister, as when he had driven her from his presence.

Page 44.

# THE ELDER'S HOUSE;

OR.

## THE THREE CONVERTS.



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# THE ELDER'S HOUSE;

OR,

## THE THREE CONVERTS.

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### CHAPTER I.

"And the dust shall return into its earth from whence it was, and the spirit return unto God who gave it."—Ecc. xii. 7.

DEATH.—LOVE AND HOPE ARE STRONGER  
THAN THE GRAVE.

"Draw back the curtain, Norman," and the eyes of the widow looked out upon the sunset for the last time.

"Florence, darling, come nearer to me," and the lips of the mother pressed the wet eyes of her child.

Slowly the sun sank behind the hills of the Hudson, and the light grew dim before the shades of the evening; but the last glory

of the day was the loveliest, for the twilight was calm. Slowly the sun of life passed from the bosom of Alice Ruthven, and the light waned from her eyes, but her smile grew ever sweeter, for her heart was at peace!

And they were alone, the widow and her children, save only the God of the fatherless, and the angels he had given them. Alice Ruthven had been the wife of a Scottish soldier, with little save his pay for a means of support. He had died in Canada, and left her with her children unfriended in the world. It had been his custom to be where blows are thickest, and many wounds had enabled him to leave her a pension, which, by strict economy, supported her little family.

She had found a cottage on the shores of the Hudson which held them all; and in the clergyman of the nearest parish, her children had gained an instructor. They had known nothing else to love but their teacher, the memory of their father, and the mother

who wept for him ; and now they were to lose her.

Half kneeling, half reclining, they kept beside her, looking ever into those eyes whose beautiful deeps were filled with love for them. Upon the bed beside her lay her rosary. From the wall before her looked the calm, sweet face of the Blessed Mother. And as she pressed the crucifix to her wan lips, and gazed upon the face of the sinless Mary, she murmured—

“ In them is my trust ! ”

“ Florence—Norman—in a little while you must lay me in the grave. I have borne you upon my bosom ; I have nurtured you at my breast ; I have taught your young lips their first simple prayer. You have seen me endure sorrow with patience, and bitterness with hope. I have leaned upon our holy religion, a stay which never forsakes the desolate. Do you love me, my children ? ”

“ Mother ! how can you ask us now ? ”

"I trust you," replied Mrs. Ruthven, "that you do. But short as my hour is, if I thought that in after life you could forsake the Church of God, it would darken this little span of existence, and would rob me of the peace of my last hour. Promise me, before I leave you, that no trial shall induce, no temptation lure you, to forget or forsake our holy Church!" and in her thin hand she raised the blessed cross, and held it to their lips. Then with her eyes towards heaven, she murmured a brief prayer. In a moment she spoke again—

"The good Father is long coming, Norman."

"It lacks some minutes yet of the time appointed," said her son; "but I hear his step upon the stairs."

As Norman spoke, the door opened, and a solemn voice uttered, "Be the peace of God upon this house, and all who dwell therein!" and as the blessing fell upon the ears of the dying woman, a tall, benevolent-

looking old man approached the bedside, making the holy sign mutely above the head of Florence as she knelt before him.

The latest earthly confession had been made before, and the Father had come now to administer the last comforts of the church to the dying. For thus does the Mother of us all, who blessed our birth, and sanctified our infancy by the waters of baptism, guide us and feed us through life, and make sweet by the consolation of her presence the pillow of the couch of death.

Having prepared her for the solemn ceremonial, the good priest then placed within her lips the most holy body of her Lord, and administered the last sacrament, even the "anointing with oil in the name of the Lord." With the holy sign he drove all evil spirits from the bed of death, and invoked the aid of angels and of blessed saints, then touched the seats of the senses with the consecrated unguent, and invoked the pardon which Heaven holds ever ready for the pen-



itent. And still as the solemn rite proceeded, the embers of life waned to extinction, and the children wept while they prayed. Then from the old man's lips poured the beautiful supplications of the Ritual, as he bade the Christian soul go forth in the name of the most sacred Trinity, and of all the dwellers in the heavens, and prayed, "Let thy place be this day in peace, and thy abode in the holy Zion."

Then the blessed candle was lighted, as well to keep away all evil influences as to typify that light of faith in which a Christian dies, and that light of glory to which the soul looks forth.

And as the last words of the supplication were uttered, the chill dews of death gathered upon the forehead of the widow, and the death-rattle spoke the moment of dissolution. Once more she turned her look upon her children, and in her large eyes mingled the last light of human love with the radiance of trust in God.

Then falling back upon the pillow, with her gaze fixed upon the crucifix, she uttered one tremulous sigh, then one faint shudder, and the ineffable beauty of the smile of death came up upon her lips.\* "The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken." \* \* \*

There was no soul in the clay which the orphans kissed, so passionately weeping; but the heart of Alice Ruthven was at peace.

By-and-by they laid her in the grave, and the flowers grew above the dust of their mother. But to the Catholic there is a love and a hope stronger than the grave. How lamentable are those sad and desolating perversions of the Christian faith, which teach that death severs all connection between the living and the dead! To one so educated, when the sod has been laid above the forms of his kindred, there come a darkness and a

\* How inexplicable, save by the Catholic doctrine of angelic presence, is the mysterious beauty of the smile that rests upon the lips of the holy dead. It has an awful loveliness, such as life's smiles never equalled or approached.

sadness which nothing can dispel. Well may he weep ; well may he turn from the tomb heart-broken, and mourning as one that mourneth without hope. But to the Catholic, his holy dead are “not lost but gone before ;” not severed from him forever, but parted for a little, as the ocean parts dear friends. The prayers of Holy Church rise above them, they are ripening for the heavenly harvest, and they need all the living's love and interest just as they did on earth. To the sectarian the churchyard is but a green meadow, with stones and mossy mounds, where the gentle-hearted may weep. To the Catholic, it is indeed, as our Saxon forefathers called it, the “field and acre of God,”—the soil wherein the Great High King hath sown the human seed to ripen for the garners of paradise. It is a prayer-ground for the Catholic ; and, being rich, he can plead with his charities for the dead ; being poor, he can trust in Him who forgave St. Mary Magdalen for her love's sake.

For a time the house of mourning was quiet ; grief was too deep for utterance. But in a little while the voice of music was heard in that dwelling ; and when the summer twilight would gather around them, the sweet notes of Florence Ruthven would mingle with the rich basso of her brother's voice, in some such hymn as this to the Blessed Mother.

## I.

Mother in Heaven, O hear us !  
Earth-wearied pilgrims, we turn unto thee ;  
O let thy presence be near us,  
Lily of Judah, sweet Star of the sea !  
Thine was the bitterest sorrow  
That God unto mortals e'er gave ;  
Thine was the gloomiest morrow  
That ever yet dawn'd on the grave.  
Oh, by the sword that then found thee,  
When undying martyrdom crown'd thee,  
By the great anguish that bound thee,  
Kind to the fatherless be !  
Mother in Heaven, O hear us !  
Earth-wearied pilgrims, we turn unto thee ;  
O let thy presence be near us,  
Lily of Judah, sweet Star of the sea !

## II.

Thou, too, hast watch'd o'er the dying!

Thou, too, hast wail'd for the dead!

Thou thy Beloved, with sighing,

In dust and in darkness hast laid.

By the sorrow wherewith thou wert laden,

By the glory thou now art array'd in,

O blessed, immaculate maiden,

Kind to the fatherless be!

Mother in Heaven, O hear us!

Earth-wearied pilgrims, we turn unto thee;

O let thy presence be near us,

Lily of Judah, sweet Star of the sea!

Thus sang the orphans. But they who  
can trust in Mary are no longer motherless!

## CHAPTER II.

"From Saints on earth—defend us Saints in heaven !  
By their wakeness to the thing they ape ;  
Their cheerlessness, where God such joy hath given,  
Covering this fair world with a veil of crape,  
Their lack of kindliness in any shape ;  
Their fierce, false judgments of another's sin ;  
And by the narrowness of mind they drape  
With full-blown fantasies, and boast to win  
A better path to heaven than others wander in !"

*Mrs. Norton's ' Child of the Islands.'*

## THE ELDER—THE ORPHANS' PROSPECTS.

THROUGH the light drapery of the windows of a handsome house in Carroll Place streamed the ruddy light. Without, a summer moon of surpassing beauty ruled the skies, and the subdued hum of the great busy city smote upon the ear.

Within the house, at a table with two or three splendidly-bound books, such as Bunyan's Works, McCrie's Reformation, and the Hymns of Dr. Watts laid upon it, sat three persons. The light from the astral

lamp fell upon a letter in the hands of a tall, severe-looking man of fifty-five, or thereabouts. Dark hair brushed into perfect smoothness did what it could to destroy the intellectual contour of a handsome head: the eyes were dark and stern; and the mouth, straight and firm, with the heavy chin below it, spoke of great obstinateness and inveteracy of opinion. His companions were two: a lady of his own age, handsome still, but spoiled by an affectation of starched sourness, which she could not possibly feel. A volume of sermons lay open upon her knee, but her eyes rested with more interest on the good-looking face of her only son, a youth of twenty-three, who was busily employed in drawing caricatures on the margins of the "Pilgrim's Progress." His endeavors were apparently crowned with great success, as he reached the page whereon were recorded the marvellous adventures of Christian at the caves of Pope and Pagan. An expression of exuberant fun spread over

his features, and as his mother watched it, the rigidity melted from her face, and made it, by similitude of expression, singularly like her son's. And as he finished his illustration, and looked up with a half-subdued, low chuckle, their eyes met, gazed into each other for a moment, and then both burst into a hearty laugh.

The reader looked sternly over the top of his letter, saying—"Your mirth is unseasonable: remember that to-morrow is the sabbath."

In an instant the lady's smile disappeared, and she grew as cold and prim as if cut from Portland stone. But the son only sighed, as he exclaimed,

"Humph! banyan day already."

His father laid down the letter, and looked at him as if he had just uttered high treason. But the mother asked,

"Why, Richard, what do you mean?"

"Dear mother!" he answered, still half laughing, "it really seems to me that your



translation of 'Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy,' means, 'Sit still, and look sour from sunrise to sunset; go twice to church, and have cold roast beef for dinner.' I'm sure I've dined here every Sunday for twenty-two or three years, and I never saw any thing else. Is it wicked to cook on Sunday, father?"

"The eye that mocketh at his father," said his parent, severely, "'or despises to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.'"

"Dear father," said the son, growing serious, "I wish that you would not apply those stern Scripture texts to a use that they cannot be intended for. I did not dream either of mocking you, or of being at all disrespectful to my mother. But when your religious ideas are uppermost, you are the harshest parent I ever met with."

Now, in the hard rock of that old man's heart, there was a well of great softness,

and his son could stir its waters when none other could.

"Dick," he said, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "I did not mean to be harsh to you; but you treat holy things lightly. Forgive me if I hurt you, and do not speak so flippantly again."

"I did not intend to do so, sir; but consider whether it be possible for any one to love Sunday—"

"*Sabbath*, if you please, my son; we do not use heathen titles for that holy day."

"Well, sir, who could love the Sabbath, when kept with austere and repulsive severity, as we keep it?"

"The fourth commandment, my son, must answer those objections; if you choose to arraign the wisdom of the Bible, I cannot prevent you."

"But, sir, that precept of the decalogue does not command—(cold roast-beef for dinner)"—he thought; but he *said*, "such un-

bending rigidity: and it says, sir, that the *seventh* day is the Sabbath."

"That," said the other, "is the Jewish Sabbath."

"Who changed it, sir, to the first day of the week?"

"The Bible," answered his father.

"Where, sir?" asked Dick. But to this question there was no answer; but at length, with an angry look, the old man replied—

"Your father and mother have lived by this rule; and have so taught you; if you despise their instructions and authority, and deem yourself so much wiser than your seniors, you must do so. If you will be an infidel, I cannot help it."

Just such an answer had closed every religious argument, and the young man, baffled when he sought knowledge, receiving reproof when he needed instruction, "a stone when he asked for bread," was indeed nigh to infidelity.

It is a fruit of the Presbyterian system.

Unbased, like the church of God, upon the apostles and prophets; with no respect for pontiffs or councils; no help from sacred tradition; with no rule but the King James version of the Scriptures; no interpreters but individual fancies; they can give no reasons for their unlovely faith; and have recourse to severe and obstinate dogma, infinitely less accordant with human reason than the dogmas of the church which they so rashly condemn.

So the son shrugged his shoulders, and glancing at the letter, asked his father if he had any news.

"It is a letter from your cousin Norman," answered he, "and I learn from it that they will be here next week." The speaker was the only brother of Mrs. Ruthven.

"I had hoped—now, I fear, in vain—that you, my son, would have aided in winning their minds from the delusions in which they have been educated. They are young, and may yet be saved."

"Why, are they Unitarians, sir?"

"They are far worse."

"Mormons, perhaps, or Quakers?"

"There is more hope of either than of them."

"Surely, father, they are not atheists?"

"No; but quite as bad."

"Why, what are they, sir?"

"They are Roman Catholics."

"Oh!" exclaimed the young man; and with him it was an eloquent interjection. Nurtured in the most absurd ideas of the Catholic church and her members, until sixteen or seventeen years of age, he had considered them as a sort of wild animal—something which, half a century before, had been hunted over the mountains of Ireland with sleuth-hounds and firearms. A few months of college life had of course dissipated and destroyed these fancies; but he had no idea of the church or her nature, and was content to find in those Catholics whom he had made his personal friends, the ordi-

nary amiability and excellence which he found in others. His faith in his father's creed was destroyed, but he had no other in its place. The first ray of truth dispelled his error, but it left his soul empty. Truly, they have much to answer for, who have sowed the seeds of schism in the garden of God, and originated the countless heresies which make desolate the world.

"I should make but a poor hand at converting," said young Graham, somewhat sadly, "and can only trust, while my orphan cousins live under our roof, that their grief will be pitied and their religious views respected. Good night, sir," and followed by his mother, he left the room.

Mr. Graham walked restlessly up and down, thinking upon the last words of his son.

"It will be hard," he muttered; "it was for this that I cursed their mother!"

Twenty-three years before he had sent his young sister from his presence with a

curse, because she loved and would wed a Catholic ; and, although now he had invited the orphans to his house, he had always, even in the first deep sorrow of her widowhood, refused to see their mother. And now she was dead. Sometimes her beautiful, sad face, as he had last looked upon it, would visit his dreams, and his heart would soften ; but he would recall her religion, and then Pharaoh might have envied its adamant.

Ah ! if he could have seen a Catholic *die* !

"Poor Alice," he said, "I would I might have seen you, my sister. Who knows what love might have done ? I *will* be kind to her children," and he passed his hand across his eyes. He could only *weep* for the dead. The Catholic could have *prayed*.

---

"Well, Florry," said Norman Ruthven to his sister, on the same Saturday evening, "we go to the Presbyterian elder's on Monday."

"Don't speak so," said Florence, "he is our mother's brother."

"Yes, and a loving one," said the young man, bitterly; "for he had no sympathy for her sorrow; nor pity for her desolation; nor relief for her straitened condition."

"Why do we go to him?" asked Florence.

"Because," replied her brother, "it was *her* wish that we should accept every attention which he chose to offer us. Mother's gentle nature could forgive every injury;—I have tried to be as lenient, but I cannot."

"Has he any family, Norman?"

"His wife, and one son, a year older than myself. I wonder if he is like his father? If so, we will agree admirably."

"Dear Norman, do try to restrain your impetuous temper better, when we go among these stranger kinsmen of ours."

"Yes, I suppose it will be necessary. The poor son of a Scottish soldier must



cringe and bow to this rich merchant ; and the blood of high youth and spirit must be schooled to flow less freely than usual through the veins of the dependent."

"But you need not be dependent, Norman. When our cottage and grounds here are sold, you have enough to begin life with every prospect of success."

"I cannot trade, Florry," was the answer, "and have no skill in increasing money."

"You forget, my dear brother, Father Le Fevre's last advice. Our holy religion, which teaches fortitude in adversity, teaches humility at all times."

"It does not teach meanness," said her brother.

"Nor is humility meanness, Norman."

"Well, Florry, do not let us dispute. We are all that is left to each other in the world, and must live in concord, not in strife."

"What kind of a man is our uncle?" inquired Florence.

"A very good sort of man," Norman answered, "if it were not for his religion; if it be proper to call that a religion, which destroys all that is beautiful in Christianity."

"What is this Presbyterianism?" she asked.

"I believe," said her brother, "that its formulæ give some of the fundamental doctrines correctly; but they have no creeds, and the main point of their faith is hatred of the Catholic church."

"How can it be possible that such Christians exist?" said Miss Ruthven; "or how can they increase? I can understand the first rising of a schism, and the adherence, perhaps perfectly sincere and conscientious, of its earliest followers; but it seems to me that it would naturally be like the prophet's ivy, and as it sprang up, so it would perish, in a night."\*

"Their doctrines," answered Norman, "are delivered to their children, and by them

\* Jonas iv.

perpetuated. It is natural for a child to cling to the faith which his parents have taught him, without any inquiry as to its excellencies or defects. Father Le Fevre tells me that the number of those who do inquire is increasing every day; and that the result is ever the same. If they are sincere and earnest, they eventually become Catholics."

"Dear Father Le Fevre!" said Florence, "to-morrow's mass is the last of his, perhaps, we will ever hear."

"Yes," replied her brother; "and amid all the sorrows of leaving this home of our young happiness, the bitterest is, that we leave the dust of our mother."

"Father Le Fevre will watch the grave well, for he loved her who sleeps there."

"Yes, Florry; but her children should have that care."

But Florence raised her eyes, and reverently making the holy sign, replied, "God careth for His dead."

## CHAPTER III.

What! fear ye Rome's high altars? Shall *they* prove  
The error and the stumbling-block alone?  
Their crucifixes, meant your hearts to move,—  
Their pictured saints,—their images of stone,—  
Their virgins garlanded,—their JESU on his throne?

"Yea, rather fear 'the image of a voice,'  
Set up to be an idol and a snare;  
Fear the impression of your prideful choice"—

*Child of the Islands*, iv. 19.

PREJUDICE AND PATIENCE.—THE CROSS OF  
CHRIST.

ON the Monday following the Presbyterian sabbath and Catholic Lord's day, mentioned in the preceding chapter, the Ruthvens bade adieu to their home, perhaps forever. And the quick steamer bore them, sad man and woman, from the shore where happy childhood had wandered; now pleased with dreams of honor, or woman's gentler ambition; then, with a pebble or a shell.

The reign of fancy was over in their hearts; and reality, far less beautiful, had assumed the throne. The day-dream and the carelessness of youth were finished. Action and thought for to-morrow had begun. The parting snapped a thousand ties; but the future showed no new ones. They were passing the narrow line that severs childhood from maturity; they were leaving the flower-garden for the populous, unlovely street. No wonder, then, that as they lost sight of the church spire, the tears stood in the eyes of Florence Ruthven, as she turned away, and silently paced the deck with her brother.

The boat was scarcely moored to the wharf, when Florence felt a light touch upon her arm, and turned to see a gentleman who addressed her hat in hand—

“I think you must be Miss Ruthven?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Allow me, then, to introduce your cousin Graham,” and he shook hands with both.

Then asking Norman to point out his trunks to a servant whom he beckoned from the dock, he gave his arm to Florence and conducted her to the carriage.

"I shall like him, I think," thought Ruthven: "he looks manly."

"I shall like him, I am sure," thought his sister: "he looks good."

"If all one's cousins have eyes of that kind," thought Dick, as he gazed at Florence, "I should like a new one every day."

As the carriage drew up to the door, Mr. Graham walked stately into his hall, prepared to give a kind but unaffectionate reception to his relatives; but when, quietly offering his hand, he looked at Florence, he saw the very image of his sister, his heart yearned towards her, and, folding her in his arms, he kissed her forehead and called her Alice.

It made an essential difference in the warmth of Norman's salutation, and called up a look of such gratitude to Dick's eyes,

as would well have paid his father, had he seen it.

So they were installed in their new home.

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On the morning after their coming, as the young people sat alone in the drawing-room, Dick said—

“I hope I am not to call you Miss and Mr. Ruthven continually. I shall feel as if you were but visitors, and I upon my good behavior the while.”

“You know my brother's name,” replied Miss Ruthven, “and I fancy he would prefer its being employed by you. Your humble servant was christened Florence, which Norman sometimes shortens into Florry. I answer to either.”

“I shall stick to the Florence,” said Dick, “it is too sweet a name to be altered.”

“You have some other name than Graham, I presume, sir?”

“Oh yes; I was christened, or, as father would reprove me for that word, *baptized*

Richard, which my parents use when they think a little scolding beneficial. Some hail me, Mr. Graham; but for the most part I rejoice in the musical monosyllable 'Dick,' which I rather prefer to either of the others."

"Well, cousin Dick," said Florence, "I hope that you and your cousins will agree well."

"I am a little afraid of you," was the reply, "and rather expect every minute to see a pair of large black horns sprout from your brother's head; and even now I can scarcely believe but that that little morocco slipper hides a cloven foot. Please, Norman, show me your teeth."

Ruthven was ready to get angry; but the quicker tact of woman showed Florence her queer cousin's object.

"Do you expect to find them differing from your own?" she asked.

"Certainly," Graham answered "From all accounts, they should be very large, and



filed sharp like those of an Ashantee warrior."

"And why do you expect all this from us?" Norman inquired.

"Because you are Roman Catholics, or, as father calls you, Papists."

"And what may be your precise idea of a Papist, cousin Dick?"

"My ideas at present, Miss Florence, are not very clearly defined; I only know that some of my dearest friends are members of your church. But my childish belief is still remembered, to wit—that the Papists were divided into priests and people; that the latter inhabited certain dark places of the earth, and maintained themselves ever ready to rush out and burn or murder at the beck or nod of the priests. For the latter, I fancied a tall dark man, with fierce eyes, who always lay in wait for good little Protestant children, ready to snap them up and convey them away into some dark dungeon.

Whether they ate them or not, I have forgotten.”\*

“Can it be possible that the smallest child of the most ignorant parents can have such a belief as that?” said Ruthven. “You are surely drawing a broad caricature.”

“No,” answered Dick; “you can form no conception of the absurd monstrosities which Protestant children are taught to believe with reference to Catholics. I think that even my good mother has almost as singular ideas.”

“Your mother!”

“Yes. If you were to commit some awful crime, or should cousin Florence here do

\* That this is not mere caricature let an anecdote prove. In one of the largest cities of the United States, the grounds of a Catholic bishop join those of a Presbyterian minister related to the writer. In the summer of 1844, the minister's chimney took fire, a circumstance unnoticed by any in the house. From the back windows of his residence the bishop saw it, and sent a servant cleaning knives in the court-yard, to advertise the inmates of the danger. The preacher's children, aged from seven to thirteen, saw him, knife in hand, climbing the intervening fence, and rushed screaming to their mother, with the news that Bishop ——— had sent a servant with a knife to cut their throats! This is true.

murder upon some unoffending innocent, I do not think she would be surprised.\* But here she comes."

At the first meal that they sat down to, all Mr. Graham's resolutions of forbearance were almost utterly dispersed, as he saw both niece and nephew, in saying their short grace, reverently make the sign of the cross. He nearly leaped from his chair; but composed himself in time to say his own grace; or, as he phrased it, to "ask a blessing." For some three minutes he prayed aloud for all who were benighted in error; for the particular sect or division of sect to which he appertained; for the world at large in general, and for the heathen in particular; but he never mentioned the food before him.

The conduct of the Ruthvens had almost destroyed his appetite, and as they repeated

\* The wife of the preacher commemorated in the foregoing anecdote, when offered some neighborly privileges by the bishop, refused them, because she did not believe that Catholics *ever had good motives* for their kindness to Protestants

the offence after the meal, his patience endured no longer, but he asked shortly—

“What is the precise use of that flummery?”

“To what do you refer, sir?” Norman asked.

“To that crossing which you both performed this minute.”

Ruthven's eyes flashed; but a thought of his mother subdued his anger, and he answered gently—

“We make upon our bodies the sign of CHRIST's cross, because we are not ashamed of the faith which the act proclaims; because it testifies our belief in a crucified God; because it keeps his precious death and passion in our minds; because it is called in the holy scripture ‘the sign of the Son of Man;’ and finally, a sufficient reason for us, because the church, which is the bride of God, ordains it.”

“I doubt the reason of your arguments,

and dislike some of your expressions. 'Bride of God' seems to me irreverent."

"Perhaps it may be so, sir. It is not mine, but Isaiah's—'Thy Maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name,'\* as you will find it rendered in your own translation. If you will read St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, you will find the figure still further carried out."

The old gentleman cleared his throat. He had not expected Scripture from a 'Papist,' and particularly his own translation, which translation he was pleased to call and esteem '*the Bible*.' "What command do you find," he inquired, "for making such a sign?"

"It were enough for me, sir, that it signifies the death of the Lamb of God; but the Church expressly enjoins it."

"By the Church you mean, doubtless, the corrupt and idolatrous papacy."

"I simply mean the one, holy, Catholic, and apostolic Church, founded on St. Peter

\* Isaiah liv. 5.

by our blessed Lord ; and do not even know what the other thing you mention is."

"We mean the same thing, sir ; and pray, by what authority is this Holy Catholic church commissioned to enjoin such rites ?"

"By the authority of Christ and his apostles," Norman answered.

"The apostles, sir, knew nothing of these things ; and your church is no older than this foolish sign you use so constantly."

"Not a bit, sir, nor does she claim to be ; for one of these very apostles declares that by prophetic virtue of this sign the Israelites conquered Amalek. I refer to St. Barnabas, in the epistle assigned to him. Then, sir, from Tertullian, in the year of our Lord 198, through all the holy saints and doctors who have written since, all have gloried in this sign, and enjoined its constant employment. The Church professes to honor such men, sir, as her early saints, and claims no older existence than does Christianity itself."

"Perhaps they may have used it," said Mr. Graham, who was too conscious of utter ignorance to dare a denial; "but *these gentlemen* are of no authority with us. As good men we respect them, but their decisions are not binding."\*

"It is possible, sir. But consider: you have been all your life a merchant, conversant with few books but your ledger; yet you set up your opinion against apostles, bishops, doctors, and saints of the Christian Church throughout all ages."

"I do not mind your sneer," said Mr. Graham; "but your crossing is not commanded in the Word of God. Therefore I dislike it in common with all the other flummery of the idolatrous papacy."

"And I sir," answered Norman, "love that sign and reverently use it, because the mother of us all commands me so to do;

\* This absurd reply was actually given to the writer in the very words used above. The writer has preferred to place a full "*catena Patrum*," on this subject, in an appendix rather than in the text. To it, the reader will please refer.

because my salvation is by the cross ; because St. Paul by it emblems Christianity, when he speaks of the 'preaching of the *cross*,' and the atonement, when he says that our blessed Lord 'reconciles both Jew and Gentile to God in one body by the *cross* ;' because it symbolizes the meek and lowly Jesus himself, who 'maketh our peace by the blood of His *cross*.' Because it is constantly called His cross, therefore shall it be mine. When it is thought necessary by St. Augustine to the right administration of the Sacraments ; when on the testimony of SS. Cyril and Chrysostom, it keeps evil spirits powerless ; when St. Gregory Thaumaturgus opens the ears of the deaf, and St. Anthony heals all diseases with it ; when St. Chrysostom asserts that CHRIST himself has declared it His sign, when He shall come to judge the world ; when God by its display in heaven converts a heathen emperor ; there is just reason for me, poor sinner, to hold it in great reverence. Therefore I venerate



it; therefore I say with St. Cyril, 'Be not ashamed openly to confess the Crucified, but be His sign openly made upon the forehead: yea, let the cross be upon all things;' and with Chrysostom, 'Let us ever bear about us the cross of Christ, for by it all things are wrought;' and with St. Paul, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.\*' And, sir, if neither the Word of God, nor of the Church, nor of saints in heaven, be authority with you—take Gibbon's; take an infidel's testimony to its universal use by the early Christians. 'This symbol sanctified the arms of the soldiers of Constantine; the cross glittered on their helmets, was engraved upon their shields, was interwoven with their banners.' 'In all occasion of danger or distress, it was the practice of the primitive Christians to fortify their minds and bodies with the sign of the

\* The texts quoted in the above speech are, 1 Cor. v. 18; Eph. ii. 10; Colos. i. 20; Gal. vi. 12-14. See, also, St. John's Gospel, xix. 27; Phil. iii. 18; 1 Cor. i. 17; Gal. ii. 14. For the references to the Fathers, see Appendix A.

cross, which they used in all their ecclesiastical rites, in all the daily occurrences of life, as an infallible preservative against every species of spiritual or temporal evil.”\*

When Ruthven ceased, Mr. Graham sat silent for a moment, having of course no argument in return ; at length he said—

“There is no commandment for it in the Bible ; and though it may have been harmless in purer days, it has been perverted and abused by the idolatrous and godless practices of the Antichrist who is throned at Rome. I speak plainly and fearlessly.”

Norman Ruthven's face flushed, but ere he could reply, Dick Graham said bitterly—

“You may well speak fearlessly, father, for this is your own table, and these are orphans and your guests.”

The taunt stung him to the quick ; and the strong, stern old man blushed like a girl. As he rose silent and disconcerted from the table, Florence stole round to him and linked

\* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, book II. c. 20.

her arm in his, and looked up into his face with tearful eyes. He would have given the world for power to repulse her ; to have one harsh word ; even one angry thought : but he could not gain them. It was the face of his dead sister, as when he had driven her from his presence. Florence saw that the marble was softened, and spoke in gentle tones—

“Dear uncle, is there any command against the sign of the cross?”

“No, my child, there is none.”

“At least, then, it can do no harm to use it, and it gives us comfort.”

“Use it, Alice—Florence I would say,—use it, and forgive me.”

That night the elder, for the first time in his life, prayed for more charity in judgment. It was the first step towards truth.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Ye know not what ye ask, nor what ye would refuse."

*Child of the Islands.*

"The poor—living, none cared for them but death; dead, none regarded them but God."

*C. Mathews' Motley Book.*

"It is an incontestable fact, that the Reformists of the sixteenth century dreaded the first Jesuits as their most formidable enemies. Hence the origin of that hatred which they evinced towards the Society, and which the lapse of ages has not been able to extinguish in the hearts of their posterity."

*Dr. Piss.*

"WELL, Florry," said Ruthven, when they were alone together, "from this morning's scene, this is likely to prove a pleasant house for 'papists.'"

"Dear Norman, gentleness may accomplish a good deal here; let us resolve to endure all Mr. Graham's prejudices patiently."

"My nature is not like yours, my dear gentle sister, and I cannot hear our holy religion reviled with any meekness."

"Neither would I like to listen to such revilings, Norman, but an argument never

loses strength for being moderate, and without passion. Remember Father Le Fevre's constant quotation, 'A mild answer breaketh wrath, but a harsh word stirreth up fury.' \*\*

"I would not be a violent controversialist with a reasonable adversary; but how can a man of my age and nature be expected to keep his temper, when his reason is opposed by flat assertion, his argument by abuse? How can a Catholic endure to hear his church reviled, without even a reason given? How can any man of sense endure him who sets up his own, an uneducated, unreading man's simple assertion, against the whole Christian world, even of patristic and apostolic times?"

"But is it not the fault of his belief rather than of himself?"

"No. Father Le Fevre has told me that there are opponents of the Catholic church, living up to what light they have; and hav-

\* Proverbs xv. 1.

ing at least a liberal education and extensive reading to back their opinions, as well as some show of reason in their argument and courtesy in their controversy. But these are the least violent; it is the ignorant who are most ferocious. The bray of the donkey can drown the voice of the philosopher."

A tap at the door claimed their attention, and Florence went to open it.

"May I come in?"

"Certainly," said Miss Ruthven, and Dick Graham entered with dejected face and slow step.

'Cousin Norman,' he said, taking the hand of the latter, "I desire earnestly to apologize for my father's violence; but I know not how. It is a hard thing for a son to accuse a parent of injustice and rudeness."

"Think no more of it," said Norman, frankly. "My vexation is past."

"I beg you both to believe," said Graham, "that it is not his nature but his edu-

cation that speaks. On all other topics he is both reasonable and indulgent. In religious matters he is bigoted, and would seem almost insane. He is warmly attached to his own creed, the main feature of which is, I believe, hatred of yours. It proceeds from his irrational early prejudices, and a want of disposition to inquire."

"My dear cousin," replied Ruthven, "I will cheerfully forget all this morning's conversation with your father. But can you tell me what his creed really is?"

"I have always thought it," said Dick, smiling again, "to be like the grace of the Roundhead preacher in one of Scott's novels; namely, opposition to Popery, Prelacy, and Peveril of the Peak. But come, I am eager to show you the lions; will you go?"

"Certainly, and with all due gratitude;" and they departed to prepare.

It was droll—was Mrs. Graham's manner to her relatives. It would have afforded

much amusement to any one who had leisure to watch her. She was a kind, simple soul, already grown fond of her beautiful niece and her brother ; but utterly unable to divest herself of her early prejudices. She kept a steady but furtive watch upon the young Catholics, ready to seize and mark the least unusual sign or motion ; and, as Dick said, beyond the reach of surprise at whatever they might say or do. Had Norman stood upon his head in a corner of the drawing-room, or Florence jumped over the sofas, she would have attributed both acts to the spirit of Catholicity. Her strongest desire, in this world, was to see a priest ; but she would want him well secured, chained perhaps, or kept behind a grating, so that she might look on him safely from afar. She was sure that she could recognise a Catholic clergyman at any distance ; and even looked upon laymen as curiosities, and more than once half proposed sending for some of her friends of "the congregation" to come and



look at the Ruthvens. Yet she did not hate Catholics as her husband did ; but pitied them merely, as poor benighted creatures, rather subjects for affectionate sorrow than anger. Upon this charity she rather piqued herself.

As they wandered through the city, the cousins related to each other the stories of their past lives : both were simple, and the Ruthvens' we are acquainted with. Dick was, as we have seen, an only child ; and exhibited the natural unfortunate fruits of sectarianism. Taking for granted that his father's creed was the only one in existence, or, at least, that it differed from all others in trifles only ; and having found *it* false, he had settled into that half infidelity called, in these days, *liberality* : the most dangerous of all irreligions, because the most difficult to cure.

"How does it come, Cousin Dick, that you do not inherit your father's horror of Catholics ?" Norman asked.

"Simply because I know more about them. Besides which, I have no taste for bigotry. In those matters I would rather yield than fight. In the storms of controversy, I am the reed that bends, and not the oak that resists, as Edith Grey says."

"But I thought that you Presbyterians were bound to bigotry," said Florence, with a smile.

"O, I am not a Presbyterian," laughed Dick. "They call me a nothingarian, because I believe all things or nothing, as the case may happen."

Florence stared. She had heard of heretics; and Jews; and pagans, but she never saw a man of no religion before.

"Yet I sometimes feel as if I wanted something of that sort," continued Dick. "A kind of cold void troubles me now and then. Did you never feel that, before you joined the church?"

"Before what?" asked Norman and his sister in a breath.

"Before you joined the church," answered Dick, surprised; "before you were converted."

"But we were born in the church, and openly received, in our infancy. We have never had any doubts."

"Ah, then, you won't understand my case. I am all doubt, Edith Grey declares."

"Pray, who is Edith Grey, Cousin Dick?"

"Oh, I had quite forgotten that you did not know her. She is the most delightful person I am acquainted with."

"And likely to be Mrs. Graham the younger, doubtless."

"O bless you! no. She is more like a sister, and endeavors to improve my manners and faith with great kindness and freedom."

"Ah! a lady controversialist," said Norman, and forgot her.

When they reached home again, the gen-

tle men left Miss Ruthven at the door, and continued their walk.

At the door Florence was saluted by her aunt. "Dear Florence," said she, "while you were out, an old gentleman called to see you, and sat waiting for you an hour or more."

"Did he leave his name, aunt?"

"No; I quite forgot to ask him, he was so delightful. He is a man of more than sixty, I should judge, with very white hair, and a sweet, gentle voice; and looks for all the world, like the picture of John the Evangelist at Patmos, in the large Bible. So meek and kind-looking; and he seems to know every thing in the world; and when he spoke of the gospels, for we talked about every thing, his eyes brightened, and one could not help loving him in spite of one's self. Have you any idea who he could have been?"

"Mr. Le Fevre, I imagine; our good teacher from our childhood"

"Ah, I thought he must have known you a long time, for he called you his dear children, and spoke of your mother in a way that quite made me cry. So now, dear, go and put off your bonnet and come down stairs, and let us have a long talk about that good old man. He is coming to-morrow evening."

When about dusk that evening Mr. Graham was returning home, he was stopped by a little boy, who implored his charity. Something of neatness in the disposition of the child's rags, and of diffidence in his demeanor, induced the elder to stop.

"Are you not ashamed to beg?" he asked.

"I don't like to beg," said the child, "but it is for my mother."

"But your mother should work; there is always plenty of employment for the industrious. Why does she not work?"

"She is dying! and people can't work when they are dying," said the little fellow, bursting into tears.

Mr. Graham was startled by the truth, well known to all men, but much forgotten, much disregarded,—the dying cannot labor.

“Where do you live, my little man?” he asked, kindly.

“Here in this alley, sir.”

“I will go with you and see your mother,” and he followed the child to one of those wretched habitations where, crowded together, the poor sin, or are virtuous in misery. Climbing a rickety staircase, the boy opened a door and said, “Come in, sir,” and the elder entered. The room was the very palace of poverty; here its sway must be undoubted and absolute. No chair, no table,—not even a box; but the rough, uneven floor, clean but cold, and a straw bed, whereon lay an emaciated woman. A broken earthen pitcher stood by her head, containing a little water; a man was kneeling beside her, and as Mr. Graham entered, he heard something like the words, “Trust in God.”

"I have had no other to trust to," replied a faint voice. "A little help from my fellow-creatures would have saved me—now it is too late." Then a convulsive rattle told the elder that the woman was beyond his help.

"God pardon thee and us!" said the man's voice, as he rose from his knees.

"Is she dead, sir?" asked the elder.

"Yes, she is dead! in the heart of this great Tyre—dead of starvation!" and the gentleman placed some money in the child's hand, and giving him his address, with a request to call in the morning, and a promise to send some one to take care of him for the night, he turned from the room. Side by side the two men walked down stairs in silence. As their way seemed to be the same, the stranger addressed his companion.

"It is terrible, sir, that this misery should exist in such a city."

"I fear it is irremediable," replied the elder.

"Why so? Can no such laws exist among us as obtained among the Jews? Why should they surpass us in Christian charity? Surely nothing forbids the passage of such laws as shall protect the poor, at least so far as to make penal any oppression of them."

"But do you think, sir, that all the sorrows of the lower classes proceed from the oppression of the rich?"

"Many, I know, do; many more from their disregard. The poor have their vices; but these are, in a large measure, the effect, although sometimes the cause of their sufferings."

"How would you prevent such scenes as this of to-night?"

"By appointing visiters, whose duty shall be to make a regular call on every family within their respective districts, and to report their condition to such authorities as the state or city may provide for their relief."



"But might not this foster crime or idleness, by benefiting the vicious?"

"Doubtless, in some cases; but it seems to me better to support a bad man than to destroy a good one. Our blessed Lord cleansed ten lepers; yet one only returned to give thanks. Yet his wisdom knew them all before he restored them to health. Believe me, sir, that charity soon grows too discriminating, and where it refuses one of Satan's poor, it refuses ten of God's poor."

"What do you intend to do for this poor boy?"

"To procure burial for his mother, and to place him where he may learn some trade."

"Pardon me, sir, but if any means should be wanting—"

"Thank you, sir," said the stranger; "but, though not wealthy myself, I have kind friends who have charities at my disposal. I must leave you at this street."

"I trust we may meet again, sir," said

Mr. Graham. But the stranger merely lifted his hat, and bowing lowly, turned from his companion.

The next day was Friday, and the Elder was sorely worried by the abstinence of his relatives.

"More popery," he muttered, when he first heard of it ; and in the evening he asked Norman the reason of his abstinence.

"Mine, sir, is because the church requires it."

"Ay, 'forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats ;' and another scripture says, 'Your fastings are an abomination to me.'"

"You should never quote half a text of holy scripture, sir ; and the latter half of the one you have just mentioned would militate against your only holy-day ; it is, 'Your new moons and your *Sabbaths*, my soul hates.' But, sir, for a text on fasting I would recommend you to the sixty-eighth Psalm : 'The reproaches of them that reproached thee

are fallen upon me. I wept, and covered my soul in fasting, and it was made a reproach to me. I made haircloth my garment, and I became a byword to them. They that sat in the gate spoke against me, and they that drank wine made me their song.' ”

Mr. Graham winced a little beneath these verses ; but was still more astonished at the “papist's” scriptural knowledge.

“ You break one law of your spiritual enslavers, at any rate,” he said to Norman.

“ What law, sir ? ”

“ The law which forbids you to read the Bible.”

“ I never heard of its existence before, sir. There are some six different editions of the English Bible printed by Catholics in this city alone.”

“ Yes, altered from the Bible, to destroy men's souls.”

“ As to whether yours or ours be the more correct translation, sir, more learned men than either you or I must settle. If you can

prove any errors in the Douay version, however, I am open to conviction, and will adopt your amendments. If you cannot prove these, it is scarcely wise to assert so flatly that they exist."

"I cannot read the originals, nephew. I am content with my mother tongue, and wish to be thought no wiser than my fathers. It served them, it can serve me. We at least are free to read it."

"You can doubtless point out the place of that law which forbids us to read the scriptures."

"No; I am content to know that it does exist."

Norman grew rather impatient. "Uncle," he said, "there is no such law; we are as free to study God's holy word as you are; nay more, we are commanded so to do. The law that *does* exist, and which was made by the holy and œcumenical council of Trent, I would recommend to your meditation: 'In order to restrain petulant geniuses,

the church enjoins that no one depending on his own prudence in matters of faith and morals, pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine, twisting the sacred scriptures to their own senses, in opposition to the church and all the fathers, shall dare to interpret it.' This is the law of our church, sir, and a wise one."

A ring at the door announced a visiter; and the servant ushered in the old gentleman so lauded by Mrs. Graham. Both Florence and her brother sprang towards him; and his voice trembled as he murmured, "Bless you, my children."

Norman then introduced him as the Rev. Mr. Le Fevre to his relatives. The old man sat down, and after a few moments' talk with the Ruthvens, turned with a remark to Mrs. Graham, and the conversation became general. All were soon as much charmed as the old lady had been, with the simpleness and beauty of the old man's manner.

The subject of religion having been touched upon, Mrs. Graham said—

“I am glad to find that you, sir, like myself, are not bigoted. You don't like my niece and nephew the less for being Romanists?”

“Not in the least, ma'am,” said Mr. Le Fevre, with a slight smile. “I could pardon them greater crimes than that.”

“Yes ; so I have always said, that it was not their fault, poor things, but the fault of their education ; and after all, I do believe that there are a great many excellent persons among the Catholics ; do not you, Mr. Le Fevre ?”

“O, yes† I have always thought well of the great portion of them.”

“If they could be delivered from the dominion of their priests,” suggested the Elder, “there might be some hope for them, but little good can be expected from any souls enthralled by the despotism of the Jesuits.”

"I fear, sir, you have fallen into a common error among Protestants; the belief that all the Catholic clergy are Jesuits."

"And are they not, sir?"

"Not by a great number. But why do you think their influence so appalling?"

"Because they are the bondsmen of Antichrist, the servants of the corrupt and idolatrous papacy."

"You speak harshly, Mr. Graham; do you speak wisely? What acts of these men do you dislike so much?"

"I know but little of any individual acts, sir, but their whole class is abominable; they have introduced their superstitions over the whole earth, and form at least a part, I once thought the whole, of the wicked ministry of that Babylon which is drunk with the blood of the martyrs, and whose 'damnation is just.'"

"My dear sir, that church, by Protestant computation, numbers one hundred and fifty millions of members. Fifty thousand cler-

gymen is a small computation. Your condemnation is larger than your charity. Did you ever read any respectable work concerning the Jesuits ; any record of early evangelizing operations ; any history of literature ? Why, sir," and the old man's eye kindled, and his cheek flushed ; " why, sir, those devoted followers of JESUS have gone from their seminaries to instruct the whole world : they have founded universities and disseminated knowledge wherever any written language exists ; they have furnished Europe with tutors for its princes and instructors for its people ; they have restored lost monuments of learning ; they have covered the world with glory. They have forsaken father and mother, and kindred and friends for CHRIST'S sake ; they have 'preached the Gospel to every creature.' They evangelized the red man of our own green west ; they have taught Christianity to the dark African. Boetius, the 'angel of his order,' made eloquent the hills of Spain ;



and Faber taught the truth upon the mountains of Ireland, and the heart of the wild Ceylonese has thrilled as the music of salvation rung from the lips of St. Francis Xavier. Even throughout all time, and in every place, has the influence of their presence sanctified wherever it rested. They have blessed the world, and made it beautiful with the light of righteousness. Is it therefore that you denounce them? Many deeds of holiness have they wrought among you,—for which of these would you stone them? Leave, sir, these denunciations, and take for your rule of judgment that which our Lord gave to Pilate's satellite. If they have done evil, bear honest, rational witness of that evil; but if well, why smite you them?"

And as the old man finished, he arose, and bowing, left the room.

"How kind he seems to be to every one," said Mrs. Graham. "Did you say he was a minister, Florence?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I thought so from the first. Ah! if all those wicked Jesuits were as good as he is! Don't you think he would convert the Catholics, if he were sent among them?"

"He is already engaged in that," said Florence, "and I am sure is succeeding well. For he who worketh righteousness, him will God regard!"

## CHAPTER V.

“Methought that beds of whitest lilies grew  
All suddenly upon the earth, in bowers,  
And gentleness, that wander'd like a wind,  
And nowhere could meet sanctuary find,  
Pass'd like a dewy breath into the flowers.  
Earth heeded not; she still was tributary  
To kings and knights, and man's heart well nigh fail'd;  
Then were the natural charities exhaled  
Afresh, from out of reverence for St. Mary!”

*J. W. Faber. 'Rosary.'*

TIME BRINGETH CHANGE—REVERENCE FOR  
THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

AN interval of three months had wrought great changes. Mr. Graham had become accustomed to “popery,” and although sometimes surprised that he had harbored two Catholics so long, without having his house burned down, or himself murdered in his bed, he attributed it to the absence of Jesuitical influence, and was calm.

Mrs. Graham's good old minister, her “missionary to the poor Romanists,” as she

called him, was a confirmed intimate in the house, still busy, in his quiet, gentle way, in sowing the seeds of charity and holiness, wherever a heart would receive them. Florence was increasing in beauty, which those who best loved her feared was almost too fragile, and had wound herself in the very heart-strings of the stern old Presbyterian. And Norman Ruthven was in love with Edith Grey.

He had been introduced by his cousin, had been thrown much into her society, and had sought it often of his free will ; and at last, his heart was lost before he knew it.

The tone of religious disputation had lost its acrimony. Ruthven had become more inured to attacks, and his uncle had, perhaps, lost some of his bitterness. But the stout old elder was not easily conquerable. He fought sturdily for his prejudices, and as soon as one was demolished, he intrenched himself securely behind another. Meantime, he had learned that there were many

more things in Scripture than he had any idea of.

Coming into the drawing-room one day, he found Florence busy at some woman's work, with a book lying at her side. As he sat down, he lifted the little volume and read—

“ ‘ Holy Mother of God ! pray for us sinners now and at the hour of death ! ’ ”

“ Dear Florence,” he said, “ don't think me fault-finding, but believe that my questions grow out of my love for you ; but how can you defend the idolatry of your church ? ”

“ I cannot defend idolatry at all, dear uncle, but my church is the most fearful enemy it ever had. From the whole European and American world, from large portions of Asia and Africa, have the pagan worship and its rites been driven by the ministers of the Catholic church.”

“ But, Florence, here you have a proof in this little book you worship Mary.”

“ That is a common Protestant charge, uncle, but not therefore a true one. Wherein

consists the worship of the Blessed Virgin, as exhibited in what you read ? Is she not the Mother of Christ ? and is Christ not very God ?”

“Yes ; but that gives no excuse for worshipping her. She was but a creature.”

“And such,” interposed Norman, who had just before entered, “such the Council of Trent declares her to be, though rendered sinless by the especial grace of God.”\*

“Besides, sir, we do not worship her,” added Florence, “but as you in my hearing requested the prayers of your congregation for yourself when sick, so do we request her prayers, whatever be our state here.”

“Consider, sir,” said Ruthven, “that as ‘the vase in which roses have once been distilled,’ preserves their fragrance imperishably, so must she who bore our blessed Lord so long, retain the odor of that sanctity necessary for the Immaculate Conception and Birth. ‘No created being,’ says a Cath-

\* Sessio VI., de Justificatione, canon xxiii.

olic author, 'ever bore such ardent love to Jesus, nor showed so perfect a submission to His will, as His blessed mother.' What can be more natural than that He, who returned that love so well on earth, must do so more ardently in heaven? Remember, that as she stood weeping beside the cross, almost His last words consigned her to the care of His beloved disciple. Can you believe that the fondness, which forgot the pangs of the crucifixion to attend to her welfare, has departed from Him who is all love? Can you believe that He will 'not hear, nor be moved by her pleadings?'"

"The Bible declares, nephew, that there is but one Mediator between God and man."

"Take that in its strict letter, sir, and man cannot pray for his fellow. If it excludes the saint's prayer in heaven, it must exclude the sinner's upon earth. Carry out the idea, and you destroy the whole bond of Christian fellowship."

"But," said the elder, "granting, for in-

deed I cannot deny, that Mary, as all other good persons, is permitted to pray for you, what certainty have you that her prayers will avail?"

"Do you not believe, sir, that God will hear and grant the prayer of the righteous?"

"Yes, to be sure; but you would make your saints omnipresent."

"How, sir?"

"Why, the Catholics are to be found all over the world, and perhaps at the same hour every day, a thousand make this invocation. Would you rob God of his attributes to give them to a saint?"

"What do you consider the origin of evil?" Norman asked.

"Why, Satan; but what has that to do with the subject?"

"You surely don't believe that it is Satan who puts sin into our hearts?" continued the nephew, without heeding the elder's question. "You don't believe that he is the



source of all the temptations which lure to crime?"

"I certainly do. And you? Are you taught otherwise?"

"But, sir, is Satan the inspirer of our civilized iniquities? of Jewish persistence in blindness? of Pagan idolatry? Does he lure the Rocky Mountain Indian to live Godless, and the dweller on the Ganges to worship a river?"

"Certainly, that is my belief; but why all these questions?"

"Why, sir, because eight hundred millions sin at once, and by your theory you would make the evil one omnipresent. Would you rob God of his attributes to give them to the devil?"

"Ahem!" coughed the elder, "it never struck me in that light before."

"Remember, too, dear uncle," said Florence, gently, "that our little planet is not the universe. To be omnipresent is not to occupy this earth, but it is to fill heaven, and

hell, and the 'deeps of the unfathomed sea ; to dwell alike in the sun that lights the world, and in the farthest planet that trembles on the verge of the horizon."

"True, my child, true. I was wrong."

"You will find, sir," added Norman, "if you read, that the Catholic church teaches no idolatry ; that she pays no adoration even to the 'blessed among women ;' she gives the salutation which fell of old from the lips of an archangel, and asks the prayers only of her who bore Him 'who knew no sin.' Not only do we not derogate from God's honor, but we add to that which we would otherwise offer. 'The prayer of the righteous is His delight,' and we ask no less from Him, because to our own supplications we desire to add those of the Blessed Virgin. The Catholic does not believe that of herself she can do any thing, but, since the Almighty hath crowned her with honor, he believes that her intercessions will avail."

"Won't you read these, uncle ?" asked

Florence, offering one or two books, "*Lingard's Catechetical Instructions*," and "*The Catholic Scripturist*."\*

"I will, my child, and will endeavor to be unprejudiced."

And Mr. Graham left the room. With him, as with all other ultra sectarians, there could be no moderation of prejudice. You might destroy, but you could not modify. Like most of the bitterer assailants of Christ's church, ignorance was his grand safeguard. With this he kept out all arrows of wit, and most of reason; with this he was as strong as Wamba, who with a shield of brawn could put to flight the Jews; for it often disgusted those whose patience was not extraordinary, and so gained the battle.

"Well, Florence," said Ruthven, as the old gentleman closed the door, "you have a tough subject for theological experiment."

"Yes, but he has a good heart; and I am

\* Lingard, Part II., c. II.; Cath. Script., point xxxvii. *et seq.*

sure that his opinions would change, if he were to learn the truth. But I—a girl—cannot teach him.”

“Does he never talk with Father Le Fevre?”

“Yes, and I am amused both with uncle and aunt. They have fallen in love with the good father, but think him, I believe, a Protestant missionary. And all this without the slightest attempt at deceit, or even concealment on our parts.”

“Droll enough; but it may make some disturbance when they discover his quality.”

“No, I think not. Are we to have the pleasure of your society this evening at home?”

“No, I am engaged.”

“May I ask where?”

“Yes, you may ask. Does it follow that I must tell?”

“No; nor is there any necessity. ‘Sister Edith!’—it has a pleasant sound from

my lips, has it not?" asked Florence, with an arch smile.

And Norman wished her good morning.

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That evening, as they were alone together, looking out upon a starlight of exquisite beauty, Ruthven had poured from his well-stored mind such floods of poetry, that Edith hung, as it were, entranced upon his words. And his low rich voice called back for her the beautiful wild dreams of the eastern sages, and recited the stories of the mystic worship of Egypt, and breathed into her thrilled ear the fancies of the poets. And ever the stars shone above them.

"Was it not an exquisite idea," he said, "which first dreamed that every one of those golden orbs had for its mission and its duty the care of some mortal? When auguries were drawn, by lovers, of joy or sorrow, from the mingling or severance of their light? See," and he pressed nearer to her, pointing

upward, "there are two stars; let us fancy them ours; see how they tremble, frail apparently as human life. Now they would seem as if parting; again, as a mist fleets over them, sad as if touched to tears; again breaking out more lustrously than before. Now, look, they are one.—Edith, I love you!"

And she did not chide him as he wound his arms about her, and kissed her white forehead; but rested on his breast. It was her half-defined dream, almost since she first knew him. And lulled by the low song of joy in her heart, she rested and was happy.

"Do you love me, O beautiful?" he murmured.

But she arose, and pushing him gently from her, said,

"Norman, this must cease."

He looked at her in stupified amazement. A burning blush flitted rapidly over her face; then she became pale as death. She put her hands upon his shoulders, and fixed

steadily her dark, unfathomable eyes upon his.

"Norman Ruthven, I love you ; but you have blighted all my happiness."

"I, Edith ! how have I injured you ?"

"You have waked me from my dream," she said. "While it was only a dream I was happy ; now I am wretched. I can never be your wife."

"Why not, dear Edith ?"

"Because you are a Catholic."

"Edith ! is it possible that you too are so warped by insensate bigotry ?"

"I am not bigoted," she replied, "and I would for you sacrifice all things except my God. How can I hope for His blessing, if I should wed an idolater !"

Norman smiled. "I may be an idolater just now, Edith ; but trust me, it forms no part of the Catholic religion."

"I have been educated," she said, "in strict abhorrence of your faith. I have learned to look upon all of your creed with

fear. O Norman, if you would but leave your dark belief !”

“And if I were to do so, Edith ; if even for your love I forsook my church and my God, would you respect me ? Listen,” he continued, with the exaggeration of passion ; “for you I would suffer any trials, endure any scorns—yes, cheerfully lay down my life ; but not my soul, Edith, not my soul. O Edith ! why have I loved you ?”

“Norman,” she said, “if it will add to your happiness to know that mine is lost forever, then know it. I have set my heart upon this cast, and I have lost it. There can be no joy where husband and wife are of different faiths.”

“Edith, this will kill me !” and Ruthven sank into a chair, pale and unnerved ; and covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.

“Poor Norman !” she said, for a woman’s heart is stronger far than man’s. “Poor



Norman !” and she raised his head, and bent down and kissed his forehead.

“ Good-by, Norman, good-by forever !” And as the door closed upon her, he sprang to his feet and called her, but she was gone.

With dizzy, reeling brain he left the house, heedless that the stars were clouded, heedless that the quick wind prophesied a storm. Rapidly he walked through the deserted streets without pausing, without noticing his way. Gradually the houses grew thinner, and the street-lamps seldom lighted ; but on he walked. At last the roll of the carriages and the other sounds of the great Babel died upon his ear. He had left the city far behind him ; and on, on he walked till he saw a clump of dark green woods beside him, and leaping the low fence, he fell exhausted at the foot of a tree. A dreamy, dull sensation stole over him, and he fancied it was death. But imagination was at work within his brain, and teeming pictures from the pencil of Hope came up before him in quick suc-

cession. Upon his body, as he lay, the incessant rain poured down ; and the living thunder pealed above him, and the wild wind of the tempest howled amid the woods ; but his heart was in the fairy land of dreams. There the air was fragrance, delicate but all-pervading ; the breeze was music ; and there were cool sounds of waterfall and brook, and song of birds, and rustle of green leaves.

Through all these moved the form of Edith Grey, her voice enriching the music, her smile the beauty of the scene. He spoke of love to her, and she listened with a blush ; but ever told him of her creed, and lured him from his faith ; and pleaded with him to forsake it ; and rested her hand in his, and leaned her beautiful head upon his shoulder, and looked tearfully in his eyes—and he consented.

But the scene began to change. The forest, the flowers, and the birds passed away, and he saw nothing but a cloud be-

fore him, and from it looked the face of his mother, with a sweet but sad smile upon her lips. She looked reproachfully from heaven on her apostate son.

He gazed upon the still face of that vision till a change passed over it. The smile faded; the features grew rigid and sharp; an expression of great pain covered them. The eyes were glazing; and the quick-gasping breath was there, and the white foam rising to the lips; and the face was as her face when he watched her dying. He strove to raise his arms and murmur "Mother," but voice and arms were powerless. And so the face faded.

Then the thunder pealed, and the rain fell, and demons gathered around him, and seized him, and shrieking "Apostate!" bore him down—down. Through "the blackness of darkness" he passed, and then into a space of cold twilight, wherein prevailed an odor like the smell of a charnel-house; and myriads of cold dead faces came round him and

breathed upon him, and thrilled him with the unutterable sorrow and despair of their looks.

And again it changed. Fearful shrieks rent the air—shrieks of the lost; and sulphureous vapors wrapped him in their folds, and voices hissed in his ears, "This is thy home!" But he called upon the sinless Virgin—"O Mary, Mother of God! shield me now!" And the gripe of the demon-fingers loosened, and he soared to the upper air. He knew that he stood again in the wood, but the rain was falling fiercely. Again the living thunder shook the sky, and the bolt struck an immense oak immediately in front of him. He saw the huge tree shiver and bend; he heard the crashing of boughs as it swung through the air; then covered his eyes, groaned deeply, and fell.

## CHAPTER VII.

"*Zerub.* Be they malignants ?

*Holdfast.* O bless thee, worse than that; they're of the tribe  
Our general hates so roundly; they be papists;  
The tribe that, sitting at a false priest's knee,  
Dole out their sins and little peccadilloes,  
Of how they stole an egg a week ago.  
Then for a shilling win they absolution,  
And clear the score off so.

*Zerub.* Ah! perilous times!"

'*The Rump.*'

## CONFESSION—A DECLARATION.

"FLORENCE," said Ruthven, early in the week following the events of the last chapter, "I am going abroad."

"Abroad!—where, Norman?"

"To Europe," he replied.

"To Europe, Norman! you surely will not leave me"—and the tears gathered in her large eyes—"so soon after our mother's death! You are jesting with me, are you not?"

"No, Florry, I am in no jesting mood; go I must, somewhere, that I may wear off

the anguish of mind. It is too late to change my resolution; for my arrangements are made, and my passage paid for: I start on Wednesday. Here," and he placed in her hand a sealed packet, "here you will find half of what little our poor mother left us."

"Dear Norman, what would I do with it? I am supplied with all that I can need. I have a comfortable home, while you are about to wander over the world. Keep it, dear brother."

"No, Florry, I have as much as I desire, and quite enough to travel with respectability and comfort."

"But you might be taken ill, or you may be robbed," urged his sister; "there are a thousand contingencies constantly besetting the traveller, which render it necessary for him to be supplied as well as possible."

"If I am to be robbed, my dear sister," he replied, smiling, although somewhat sadly, "whether by banditti or doctors, it were

better to lose little than much. Besides, Florry, this is yours."

"But I cannot use it, Norman."

"That, my dear sister, you cannot know. But let us speak no further about it. You know that I have the old Celtic obstinacy, as well as the old Celtic blood; and it shall never be said of Norman Ruthven, that he ministered to his own wants from the slender purse of his sister."

Florence knew that it was useless to urge him any further; and so, like a true woman, she determined to make the best of her griefs. She busied herself in procuring and preparing those thousand nameless little comforts of a traveller, and thought,

"If I cannot keep him, I can at least furnish him with the means of being comfortable."

And when the day came, she went down to the wharf with him, and watched the ship when it left her and slowly receded. She kept her station until it could be seen no longer,

and then sprang into the carriage, drew up the blinds, and covering her face with her hands, she wept bitterly, and with reason, for she was now alone.

Ruthven was missed by all his relatives, with whom he had become a favorite. Mrs. Graham had become exceedingly fond of her nephew, and was grieved beyond measure at his departure. On the day on which he left, she hung about him and gave him all kinds of advice, made up more little bundles than would have freighted a carriage, and trotted in and out of and around the room in a state of great excitement. And when he bade her good-by, she fairly cried.

"Good-by, my dear nephew," she said; "take good care of yourself, and come back again. Don't let them make a Jesuit or a monk of you; never walk out after dark; and always carry your money in your boot."

Ruthven could not help smiling as he inquired the reason for the last direction.

"To hide it from the robbers, of course,"



said the old lady ; " travellers all agree that the best place is the boot. Be sure to come back."

Twice she called him from the door of the carriage ; once to tell him that if he returned in summer, he must come at once to their country seat, and a second time to inform him that the best specific in sea-sickness was gingerbread. And when at length he was gone, past recall, she reproached herself for forgetting fifty little bits of advice, and declared her presentiments that he would never come back to her. " I know," she said, " they will inveigle him into some of those nunneries, or make a Jesuit of him."

Greatly was she comforted when Father Le Fevre came in. To this good old minister, as she called him, she had taken a most resolute liking, and had for some time made him her confidant in trouble.

" Oh, sir, you are just the person I wanted to see. You cannot imagine what trouble I am in about my nephew."

"Don't be alarmed for him, ma'am," replied the father; "he is fully equal to the task of taking care of himself."

"Ah, sir, I am afraid that we will never see him again!"

"Why so, Mrs. Graham?"

"Well, sir, he seemed to be in great trouble when he left. He has scarcely slept for the last three or four nights. His room is just over mine, and I could hear him moving about nearly all night. Then he has looked pale and haggard, and has not eaten any thing scarcely, and I am afraid that those Jesuits will get hold of him and make him as bad as themselves."

"Have you not gotten over your dislike to the poor Jesuits yet?"

"Oh no, and I think you are altogether too well disposed towards them; but you never speak ill of any one."

"And why should I hate the Jesuits?"

"Because they keep the people in ignorance and superstition."

“Well, those are hard charges, ma’am ; but I assure you that you can scarcely open a Catholic book for the people, without finding a Jesuit’s name on the title-page. Besides, they have founded more colleges and established more schools, than all the crowned heads of Europe. And for your second accusation, how do you prove that ?”

“Why sir, do they not teach their people to do just as they please, as wickedly and godlessly as their inclinations may lead them, and when the sins become too heavy, just run to a priest and he will wipe them all away ?”

“I think, my dear madam, that I had better explain to you what the Catholic doctrine and practice is. There is some difference between it and the vulgarly received Protestant opinion concerning it.”

“Well, I shall be happy to be disabused of all prejudice ; you know that I am not at all bigoted. What is this difference ?”

“Well, ma’am, the Protestant declares

that the Catholic believes he may sin with impunity ; for that a few Latin words mumbled over him by his priest will cleanse his soul. Now the Catholic believes no such thing ; but holds—and that in books intended for the most humble—that the pastors of the church have no power to absolve any one without a sincere repentance and full purpose of new life.”\*

“ Then this church does teach that priests can forgive sin in some way ? ”

“ Certainly, for so our blessed Lord gave power to His apostles and their successors. ‘ Whosoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them, and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained.’ But we do not believe that any man can forgive sins by his own power, as no man by his own power can raise the dead, because both the one and the other equally belong to the power of God ; but, as God has sometimes made men his instruments by raising the dead to life, so

\* *Challoner's Catholic Christian Instructed*, c. ix. *passim*.

we believe that He has been pleased to appoint that His ministers should, in virtue of His commission, as His instruments, and by His power, absolve repenting sinners."

"I prefer Scripture for a rule in all these matters."

"Well," said the father, "the church, which is the keeper of Holy Writ, is not without warrant for her doctrine. In the Jewish church the precept runs thus—'When a man or woman shall commit any sin that men commit, to do a trespass against the Lord, and that person be guilty, then shall they confess the sin which they have done.'\* When St. John Baptist commenced the work of his mission, the people gathered to him, 'confessing their sins.' Those who were converted by apostolic preaching 'came and confessed' to St. Paul at Ephesus, (Acts xix. ;) and St. James expressly commands it, (v. 14.) These are some of our scripture warrants."

\* Numbers v. 6, 7.

"But, Mr. Le Fevre, how does confession come to be lost by the reformers so completely, if the command be so plain?"

"Because they did their work in a spirit of evil pride, and not of that lowly humility which is necessary for Confession. They began by exalting themselves, and they destroyed whatever should remind them of their sinful and sunken condition. They placed an empty faith in the place of penitence, and where there is no penitence there can be of course no confession. But you are wrong, Mrs. Graham, in supposing that even all the Reformists exclude confession and absolution. Have you a prayer-book of the Protestant Episcopal church here?"

"Yes, sir; Dick has one which I will get for you." And the old lady went out, and returned with the volume, which she placed in the good father's hands.

"Now, ma'am," he said, "I will read you

something, of the existence of which in their liturgy, even most of the members of this church are probably unaware. When a prisoner is under sentence of death, after certain collects and lessons, the priest exhorts him at length, concluding as follows :

“Your sins have brought you too near this dreadful sentence. It is therefore your part and duty, my brother, humbly to confess and bewail your manifold sins, and to repent you truly of your sins, as you tender the eternal salvation of your soul. Be not deceived with a presumptuous and vain expectation of God's favor, nor say within yourself, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. Since, therefore, you are so soon to pass into an endless and unchangeable state, and *your future happiness or misery depends upon the few moments which are left you*, I require you strictly to examine yourself and your state both towards God and man, and let no worldly consideration hinder you

from making a full confession of your sins.' And, says the rubric, 'After his confession, the priest shall declare to him the pardoning mercy of God.'"

"Ah, sir!" cried Mrs. Graham, "does not that rubric show that the confession is to be made to God only, and the absolution to come from him only?"

"This, perhaps, will answer you," said the father, turning to the office for 'the Ordering of Priests.' When a priest is ordained, madam, the bishop, laying his hands upon his head, says to him these words: 'Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the church of God. Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained.' So you see that all the Reformists have not given up the doctrine of confession."

"Still, sir," urged Mrs. Graham, "God can forgive us without the intervention of a priest, if we repent."



"True, and God could save us without the preaching of the gospel, or holy baptism ; but he will not."

"Because he has appointed those means of salvation."

"You cannot separate the items of the apostolic commission from each other. The very same commission which empowered the Twelve and their successors to preach and to baptize, empowered them also to absolve the penitent sinner."

"But what good does confession do?"

"It causes," replied the good priest, "a growth in deep and lowly humility ; it proves penitence to be sincere ; it frees the mind from the burden of sin and from the haunting dread of its punishment, it gains perfect and full pardon from the Creator ; it removes at least some stains which would otherwise burn upon the sinner's forehead in the day of judgment."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Graham, "it might be good if it were not so much abused."

"It is very possible, nay, probable," said the father, "that among the many thousands of Catholic clergy who daily receive confessions, some are bad men ; but the abuse of a good thing by some does not excuse others from its use. There is nothing in the world, as you know, so much abused as the holy scripture, yet you will scarcely throw it aside on that account."

"Well, sir, I still hope that Norman will come back to us."

"So do I," said Father Le Fevre, "and I am assured that he will do so if he retain his health. I hope that the countries which he may visit are not desolated by the awful pestilence which now threatens us."

"What pestilence?" asked Mrs. Graham, alarmed.

"That which has desolated all Europe and Asia is said to be fast approaching our shores ; it is the Cholera !"

"Dreadful !" exclaimed the lady ; "but is this not a mere rumor?"

"It is too well authenticated, madam, for that. God is certainly about to punish us for our many sins by this terrible plague."

At this moment Mr. Graham entered and confirmed the report.

"I met," he said, "this morning a gentleman whose life seems to be spent in visiting and relieving the miseries of the poor. We became acquainted at a pauper's deathbed. He has seen a case in the city."

"It was a solemn place for an introduction," said Father Le Fevre.

"True, sir," Mr. Graham replied, "and I believe my new acquaintance to be such a one as is not easily found. I feel irresistibly drawn to him by some secret affinity, as it were; and yet his universal benevolence makes me look upon him as a superior being."

"Who is he?" asked the priest.

"I do not know his name," said Mr. Graham, "nor any thing more concerning him,

than that he talks like a clergyman and acts like an angel of mercy."

"The latter is a noble characteristic," said Father Le Fevre, as he bade them adieu.

"My dear," said Mrs. Graham, "that good old minister has been defending the Jesuits again."

"It would need all his charity," he replied.

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About a month after, Dick Graham startled his cousin by a declaration of love. For some time she thought he was jesting, but soon perceived, with much sorrow, that he had fixed his heart upon it; and she knew him to be capable of strong and enduring affection.

"Dear cousin," she said, after much pleading on Dick's part, "this is a matter which I never thought of before. I like you very much as a cousin, but we can never be bound by any closer tie."

"Why not, Florence?" he inquired. "How do you know that you cannot learn to love me?"

Miss Ruthven was somewhat puzzled by the question, and scarcely knew how to answer.

"You forget," she said, at length, "that I am a Catholic, and that your father has so great a horror of such people."

"But I don't want you to marry my father, Florence; and you know that I do not share his prejudices."

"I think husband and wife should be of one creed."

"But I have no creed in particular," said Dick, "and will never interfere with you in the exercise of your religion."

"You have stated a new objection, cousin Dick, that you yourself have no religious principles. That alone were an obstacle."

"But, Florence, I will be just what you please. I will become a Catholic, and then your objections will cease to remain in force."

Graham's pertinacity gave great sorrow to his cousin.

"Dick," she said, "it is unkind to press me so. I cannot use such terms as you will understand without seeming harsh. Believe me, that a woman knows her own heart, and I feel that I do not—cannot—love you as every woman should love him whom she chooses for her partner through life. Nay," she continued, as she saw him about to speak, "do not interrupt me. I earnestly desire to retain your cousinly affection, but more than cousins we can never be," and she walked towards the door.

"Stay, cousin Florence, do! stay and hear me."

"It would be useless to do so," she answered, "and would only prolong an interview which must necessarily be very painful to both of us," and as she spoke she gave him her hand. Dick stooped and kissed it, and she left him.

"It is the cursed creed which my father

taught me," he said, "and the incessant persecution which she has endured here which has turned her against me."

It was the effect of this education which had made him what he was, which perhaps prevented any return of such affection as he sought from Florence Ruthven.

As he passed from the room he met his father.

"Which way do you wander, Dick?" he inquired.

"Anywhere to get beyond the reach of the influence of this house," replied the son.

"Why, my son," exclaimed the old man in surprise, "what calls for such an answer to my question? What ails you? You look ruffled?"

"I am ruffled, sir," said young Graham, gloomily; "the effects of your bitter Protestantism, taught to my childhood, and since displayed to my grown-up cousins, has destroyed the hope of my life."

"You astound me, Richard ; remember that you speak to your father, towards whom such violence of speech is neither befitting nor tolerable, yet who is willing to show a father's love to a confiding child ;" and he laid his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder. But Dick shook it rudely off, and saying roughly, " Your fatherly affection has destroyed your son," rushed from the house.

And Florence in her own room thought over the poor fellow's unfortunate and misplaced affection, and augured much unpleasantness from it.

"We cannot meet without embarrassment," she thought ; "and let him cloak it as he may, no man loves to look on the face of a woman who has rejected him, at least until the wound have time to heal. And what shall I do ? With my uncle's prejudices, he will ascribe this, should he come to a knowledge of it, to my religion. O Holy Church of God ! how is it that thou art so much hated ?—And Norman is away,



and my mother beneath the moss of the churchyard, and I am alone, a weak and timid girl, to bear whatsoever sorrows fortune may send to me, unaided and unprotected. Blessed Mother of our Lord, do thou protect the orphan!"

And she knelt and prayed to the Holy Virgin, and rose from her knees calm and self-assured. Well is it for those that can trust in the prayers of the sinless Mary!

She was roused from her devotions by a tap at her door, and having risen and called out "Come in!" Edith Grey entered. A strong affection had arisen between these two beautiful girls, and since Ruthven's departure, they were scarcely ever separate. Edith, who for principle had resigned her lover, found comfort in the love of his sister. She had told Florence all, and had been astonished when the latter said calmly,

"Forgive my words, dear Edith, but your prejudice against our church is caused by your ignorance of it. Tell me, do you not

believe that some of the Catholics are men of a very high order of mind, learned, and accomplished?"

"Certainly," she answered; "and that there are many sincere and excellent people among you."

"Well, then, if all your absurd theories and notions were true, how could such men remain within the pale of the Catholic church? Trust me, dear Edith, you have but to inquire and listen, to yield your prejudices."

And Edith could not deny her complete ignorance, but from the time of that conversation she had endeavored to remedy it. She had heard many of Father Le Fevre's arguments, and recognised their truth; she had spoken freely to her friend, and found some of her charges met only by merry laughter; for there is nothing too absurd for some Protestants to teach their children concerning the "Romanists." Now, although she had no love for the Church, she had at least

forgotten her hatred of it ; and this Florence perceived with joy.

Miss Ruthven now told her visiter of her cousin's proposal, and of her own consequent embarrassment.

"I cannot stay here," she said. "We cannot meet every day and hour without much unpleasant feeling ; and I cannot turn him from his father's house. I must go myself."

"And where, Florence ?"

"I do not know, Edith ; I have scarcely thought, and cannot, till I shall have seen Mr. Le Fevre."

"Come to me, then," said her friend, "and be as a sister."

"Thank you, a thousand times ; but I am too proud to be a burden upon even you, dear Edith. No ! I have had a good education, and feel perfectly competent to teach music and a smattering of Italian and French. I will become independent, and a governess."

"A governess ! better a cook !"

"Not so," said the other, laughing; "we must not believe all the stories we read, of the horrid treatment which such beings receive. Besides, Edith, I think I can restrain impertinence."

"O Florence, you do not know the fine ladies of this city. Many of them half-educated, and sprung from the meanest origin to sudden wealth, venture to despise even knowledge, when connected with so much poverty as renders labor necessary. You must not think of it. Do think better, and come with me."

"No, Edith, I will burden no one."

"But it will be a charity. You know that I am all alone, without mother or sister, and my father much wrapped up in his own literary pursuits. If you must be a governess, come be mine."

"A delicate way of bestowing an alms," said Florence; "but, Edith, I am not yet quite a beggar."

"Well, don't let 'all the blood of all the

Ruthvens' give such a flash to your eyes ; but I know that you would not endure this servitude long."

"Then, Edith, I have still a refuge."

"And that is —"

"The convent."

"The convent ! O Florence !"

"Yes, the convent. There, at least, the heart devoted to its God finds peace."

"But you a nun !—immured in a close, horrid, gloomy prison : half your time passed in a cell. O, it is terrible to think of !"

"Yet is the convent a good place, and its exercises a good means for preparing for the grave."

"Dear Florence, do not think of that. You are too young and lovely."

"But younger and lovelier than I sleep in the narrow house of death : none can prepare too early nor too thoroughly for it ; for none know when it may come ;—and you, Edith, have you never thought of the grave ?"

"Yes, Florence, and pined for its rest ;

but I have learned since to wait for God's good pleasure, and to school my heart to patience."

And so they parted.

The next time Father Le Fevre called, Florence told him of her desires; and he, after some gentle opposition, judged it advisable to allow her to put her scheme in execution.

In about a fortnight from that time, he came and told her that he had found a place.

Great was the consternation of Mrs. Graham and of her husband when they heard of their niece's resolution. They accused themselves of a thousand sins against her; and used every inducement to procure her stay; but she was firm, and they were at length obliged to give a reluctant consent.

So by and by we shall see Florence a governess.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Then take the meanest of the many classes,  
The new-made man; the son of last night's toll,  
Grown rich by sudden chance. His scorn surpasses  
The goal where charity may yet assoil.  
What though he drip with the essential oil  
Of vulgar thoughts, he can despise all other,  
And hate his betters ———" \* \* \* HARBERT.

FLORENCE A GOVERNESS—THE CHURCH OF  
GOD.

WHEN Florence arrived at the house of Mrs. Singleton, the person whose children she was to instruct, she was shown into a showily-furnished drawing-room, and overheard a dialogue to this effect—

"Came in a carriage, did she? Gracious! I should not be at all surprised if she were to require one kept for her."

"Troth, it's a lady she is, anyhow," said a strong Irish voice, not too respectful in its

tone, "ye can see it in her eye and her little white hand."

"Yes," said the first voice, "she is a sort of poor relation of the rich Mr. Graham, and a Papist, too, Biddy; she can help you to fast on Friday."

"'Deed it's well that she's a papish," Biddy answered, "there's not many in the house has any religion at all."

"Well, you may go to your work now, Bridget, and I will go see Miss Ruthven."

Accordingly, a short, puffy little woman made her appearance, and greeted Florence with—

"Well, you are later than I expected you, Miss Ruthven. You will scarcely have time to begin to-day. But you can see the children and look at the school-room. Amelia!" and at the call a tall, showy, thin girl came from an adjoining room.

"Amelia, my dear, this is Miss Ruthven," said the mother, and Florence bowed, and the young lady nodded. "'Melia, won't you



show Miss Ruthven her room?" And beckoning to Florence, the young lady led the way. Miss Ruthven followed up to the fourth story, and was shown into a room which gave her no qualms of conscience because of too much luxury. A bed of ample width but of wondrous tenuity, a white-painted wash-hand stand, three rush-bottomed chairs, and a strip of matting by the bedside completed the catalogue of furniture.

Florence, however, did not mind these things; and thought as she glanced round, "If these are the worst discomforts, I shall do very well."

"This is your chamber, Miss Ruthven," said her companion, "and the school-room is just below. I suppose," she added carelessly, "you would like to arrange your things?"

Florence bowed assent, and Miss Singleton, with a half nod, withdrew, not giving herself, however, the trouble to shut the door.

Florence felt a slight inclination to cry. "I am afraid," she soliloquized, "that I have been too hasty. However, there is no help for it now, so I must endure and be patient." So she unlocked her trunk; but, just as she lifted the lid, the door was opened without the formality of knocking, and Mrs. Singleton entered, followed by three little girls and one boy.

"These, Miss Ruthven," she said, "are your little pupils."

Florence saw at a glance that they, like the children of all half-educated *gentillesse*, were lubberly and vulgar. In confirmation of this, each girl put a finger in her mouth, and the boy said "Crackee!"

Mrs. Singleton began to converse with her governess, and while these were so engaged, the children were overhauling the open trunk of the new-comer. They discovered themselves by a quarrel for the possession of a rosary. The boys had seized the cross, and one of his sisters the

other end, and in the struggle it broke ; then came mutual recrimination, and at last a slap from the young gentleman, and a corresponding scream from the young lady.

Florence, with great distress, stooped to gather the beads upon the floor, while the boy triumphantly exhibited his prize to his mother. She looked at the blessed crucifix contemptuously, and whispered, half aloud—

“Go, lay it down. That is Miss Ruthven’s god.”

“Hey!” cried the cub aloud, “is she one of them pagans?”

“Hush, my dear,” said the mother, “she is a Catholic, and they all worship idols, you know.”

Such was Miss Ruthven’s introduction to the life of a governess.

Nor in what has been written, as in what shall follow, are the Singletons caricatures ; but portraits.

The next day Florence began her duties in the school-room. The little girls quietly

submitted to examination, but the cub sturdily refused, saying, that "he wasn't going to answer questions to a Catholic that worshipped idols." And as Florry bore all this with patience, he felt encouraged to proceed; and when she spoke kindly to him, he mimicked her tones, and at last coming up, he half bent before her, and grimaced in her face, his sisters screaming with laughter.

But this agreeable occupation was interrupted by a tremendous box upon the ears which sent him howling into a corner of the room; and the gentleman who had administered it bowed and introduced himself to the governess as the son of Mrs. Singleton, and a friend of her brother.

"I did not suppose you were in the room, Miss Ruthven," he said, "from the laughter of these saucy children, which must be my excuse for not knocking before I came in. Please endeavor to forget that youngster's impertinence; I will see that he never

repeats it. Come here, sir ! Go beg Miss Ruthven's pardon."

The child dared not disobey ; and when Singleton had seen his order accomplished, he bowed and left the room. From this time there began a new era in the life of Florence Ruthven. From Mrs. Singleton and her daughter she met constant rudeness ; from the children unreprieved sauciness ; from George Singleton, respectful attention and unconcealed admiration. In a few months she loved him.

Edith Grey had manifested lately a great partiality for Father Le Fevre, and had been present at many of his disputations with Mr. Graham.

One day, Mr. Graham, who had grown singularly liberal, said—

" We need not dispute so often, there is more than one road to heaven ; we can travel without jostling."

" Yet there is but one right road, Mr. Graham," said the Father, " and you will

not deny that our duty leads us to endeavor to walk in it alone."

"Very true, sir; but it is perhaps difficult to settle which the right path may be: the Methodist fancies that he is right, the Romanist does not believe himself in error; and I still hold to my own church, and believe that if I follow her doctrines I shall be safe."

"Let me ask you one question," said the priest. "How many churches did our blessed Lord establish?"

"One, certainly," replied Mr. Graham; "but it has become divided."

"To pass by that," was the answer, "tell me whether any church be the true church which Christ did not establish?"

"Certainly not."

"And can you believe that He who promised to be ever with his church would allow her to perish for a thousand years, to possess no single trace on earth, to have no known existence?"

"No; I believe, for such a belief is necessary to Christianity, that the true church has always been in visible existence."

"And you believe that there was a time when the Church of God was one, in appearance as well as reality?"

"I do."

"Well, sir, was that one church your church? No! If your persuasion be indeed the *Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of faith*, account for its suspension, account for its disappearance. Tell me why, in all history, sacred and profane, it is never even spoken of from the days of the apostles to the days of Martin Luther."

"You know, sir, that I have not read much on these subjects," said Mr. Graham, "but if this be true, what then is the one church? For if there is but one, that one must needs be true."

"That one church, sir, is the holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, built upon the

foundation of the apostles and prophets, JESUS CHRIST himself being the corner-stone."

"And you, sir?" asked Mr. Graham, in some surprise.

"Am a member of the Society of the Jesuits!"

"A Jesuit!" almost screamed Mrs. Graham; and "A Jesuit!" exclaimed Edith Grey.

"Yes, a Jesuit!" said the old man, smiling, "yet you see I have neither cloven feet nor horns."

"Mr. Le Fevre," said Mr. Graham, "I never expected that the day would come for a Catholic priest, above all, a Jesuit, to sit under my roof; least of all, a respected and a welcome guest. I will look into this matter of history and ask your assistance. You have already removed many of my prejudices; and I have learned to look upon your church with different eyes. There are still many points on which I am unsatisfied and upon which I will hereafter confer with you."



"I will speak freely to you, Mr. Graham," said the father, "for I perceive that you can now hear truth. You have formed one of a class of men, the like of whom, though numerous among us, can be found nowhere else in this world; men uninformed in the matter of the Catholic Church, and I think upon this point fairly monomaniac. I have known several personally; and enlightened Protestants have told me of many others, shrewd, possessed of excellent sense, quick and intelligent in business; yet fixed in hatred of the church. They are filled with prejudices derived from their Puritan ancestry; they are utterly uninformed; they refuse steadily to be informed; they oppose all history, all learned doctors, holy martyrs, and bishops, with a simple opinion unbased, and not attempted to be based, upon reason. They oppose the teaching of the Fathers with the words, 'We are not bound to follow whatever these men say.' They oppose historical proof with, 'We do not be-

lieve it.' They oppose irrefutable argument with, 'I think otherwise.' They reject all tradition, all record; the consent of eleven centuries with the simple and uniform assertion, 'I do not receive this doctrine; I do not believe these assertions. I am free to enjoy my own opinion in these matters, and I will do so.' Do I draw an unjust portrait?"

"I fear not," replied Mr. Graham; "personally, I cannot deny a single charge. But do you not think this spirit on the wane?"

"On the contrary," replied the father, "I think it increases from day to day. There is a body of men, growing constantly larger, whose definition of political freedom, civil and religious, is, total liberty of opinion; to infidelities, sects, and schisms—hatred and persecution to the Catholic church. This spirit is fed by people who call themselves ministers, who rake among the muck-heaps of abuse thrown up by centuries, and spawn forth volume after volume of obscene false-

hood and slanderous absurdity. Yet is this filthy food eagerly devoured by a certain class, firmly believed, and the testimony of one nameless libeller outweighs with them the voice of the whole world. I do not mean that it possesses more influence with them than that of Catholic writers; for that might be possibly excused; but it opposes, successfully with the class I speak of, all respectable Protestant writers, nay, even the impartial witness of an infidel. I have seen some of these people set up the dictum of some trashy scribe against even Gibbon."

"Well, sir, what must be the result of such things, do you think?" asked Mr. Graham.

"What I shudder to think of," answered Father Le Fevre. "The French Revolution commenced in precisely the same way. Wherever disregard of the Catholic church arises, if not promptly and wisely checked, it soon grows into hatred. This generates hatred of all law, human as well as religious,

civil as well as divine. '*Blessed,*' says the Scripture, '*is the people that have the Lord for their God;*' and wo to the nation that disregards him. The class of men in our country whom I describe, have proceeded already to utter disregard of their equal institutions, they have already broken laws; and if they be not compelled to pause, I fear that this land is destined to be the scene of another Reign of Terror."

"You prophesy darkly," said Mr. Graham.

"God grant that it be not truly," said the priest, solemnly.

"To change the subject," said Edith, "when have you seen Florence?"

"Two or three days ago."

"Is she not pretty well tired of her Quixotic independence, or does she still love the duties of governess?"

"If she be not perfectly cured of all desire to repeat the experiment by her present experience," Father Le Fevre replied, "she

must indeed be incorrigible. She is at present likely to receive a lesson that will last her lifetime."

"Why, do these *nouveaux riches* treat her disrespectfully?" asked Edith.

"They subject her," answered the old man, "to a constant succession of petty annoyances; little nameless slights—sometimes open insults. Living themselves utterly *without God in the world*, they are constantly sneering at her religion; mocking her devout practices, hinting charges of hypocrisy: and yet she does not complain. I have noticed these things in my visits to her. The poor child seems resolved to be patient and to make the best of it."

"She shall not stay there!" exclaimed Edith, indignantly. "My delicate, faultless Florence to be annoyed by the *roturier* insolence of these Singletons!"

"She must finish her engagement, my dear child," said the father, "which is for seven or eight months longer."

"I will try the effect of my eloquence again," answered Miss Grey, "for she must not stay there. When do you expect to see her again, sir?"

"To-morrow morning," answered the priest. "I have a package of letters from her brother for her."

Edith crimsoned and then grew very pale at the mention of Ruthven; but the good father would not notice it, further than by saying in, the gentlest of tones—

"He is very well, and writes encouragingly, although somewhat sadly. But I must go. Alas! the pestilence has given me many melancholy duties. When shall I tell Florence that you will visit her?"

"Very soon," answered Edith, "and I will be with her all day when I do come. Good-by, sir."

When Edith and Mrs. Grey had left the room, Mr. Le Fevre said—"I want to take the liberty of asking for your son, Mr. Graham, in whom I feel great interest."

Mr. Graham's face grew very sad as he answered—

“I have seen his name twice in the police reports, and each time have obtained an interview, and striven to lure him home, which you know he has left, but he repulsed me harshly both times, and since then I have lost all trace of him. God forgive me, for my system has destroyed poor Dick!” And he covered his face.

The good priest took one of his hands, pressed it gently, and then walked out to meet the stage which was to carry him down town.

On the day after Florence Ruthven had gone to the Singletons, Dick Graham had an interview with his father. He accused him of driving his niece from the house, by his petty insults to her religion, taunted him with the effects of his own creed, as exemplified in his own case, and left the house, as he declared, forever.

When Father Le Fevre had left Mr. Gra-

ham's, the old lady, who had sat in ominous silence ever since the awful discovery of his Jesuitism, found her voice.

"A Jesuit!" she said, "a real Jesuit! Of all men in the world—that mild, gentle, good old man a wicked, scheming Jesuit! I dare say now that all his goodness is only put on. Yet no, I don't think so, either. I am sure it's real; for he does more good than he talks about. But I always thought there was something queer about him, he defended the Catholics so much. I more than half suspected—no, I didn't though. And I don't care if he is a Jesuit. He is an excellent, pious, and pleasant old gentleman; and if Mr. Graham doesn't care, I am sure I need not. Dear me! I wish he could see Dick, I am sure it would do the poor fellow good." And when the old lady thought of her son she cried, and when her tears were over, so was her anger at the old priest; she liked him just as well as ever, and found, to her own surprise, that his being a Jesuit did



not make half the difference with her that she had feared. Indeed, she had already forgotten most of her old prejudices ; and the more easily, that she had never distinctly understood them. In this world there are a great many of this kind of old lady to be found among both sexes.

On the following morning, about eleven o'clock, Father Le Fevre, as he had told Edith Grey, rang at the door of the Singletons. In the drawing-room he found two or three gentlemen, and in a moment or two Miss Ruthven entered.

"Good morning, my child," he said, as he shook hands with her. "What will you give me for some good news?"

"Good news?" asked Florence ; "what about ?—from whom ? Is it from Norman, sir ?"

"Look for yourself," said he, putting a package into her hands.

The entrance of Miss Ruthven caused a stir among the gentlemen. They grew rest-

less, and seemed disconcerted at Miss Singleton's side ; and although they addressed their words to her, their eyes were on the other side of the room. At length, when Father Le Fevre crossed the floor to speak to Miss Singleton, they dropped off one by one, and formed a circle round the governess. Florence would rather they had remained where they were ; for she had learned by experience that all such derelictions from the established deity of the house, were visited upon her head. But she was woman enough not to be displeased by the attention which she attracted.

Miss Singleton was not well pleased at the exchange. An old white-headed man for three young ones, she thought scarcely fair. She scarcely answered the remarks of Mr. Le Fevre, but with natural vulgarity suffered her pettishness to be plainly visible ; and to some remark of his about the cholera, she replied—

“ We do not trouble ourselves much about

it, sir ; we have a sufficiency of troubles in the house."

"Yet I should scarcely think that possible," answered the old man. "If not an impertinent question, what is the nature of these domestic sorrows?"

"Presuming servants and Papist governesses," was the short answer, given aloud "Miss Ruthven might, I think, receive her visitors in the school-room."

Florence crimsoned at this insult ; and Father Le Fevre crossed the room, saying—

"Go to your own room, my child, and read your brother's letters."

"Inferiors are so presuming now-a-days," said Miss Singleton, in the silence that followed. "I really do not understand it, but the governess seems to receive more attention than I do."

"I will tell you a story, Miss Singleton," said Father Le Fevre, in a voice which arrested the attention of all.

"Long, long ago, in the days of the

Caliph Haroun Alraschid, or of some other gentleman in whose time brutes and stones had thought and speech, a certain prince had a splendid palace erected. In a conspicuous place in one of the halls was stationed a figure of mean materials and poor workmanship, but very highly gilded, and very vain, of course, as all worthless things are. It so happened that its eyes rested on a small but exquisite *basso-relievo*, set by mistake in the pavement, and it thus spoke :—‘ Admire the justice of fate. I, beautiful and distinguished, am placed where all may see and worship me; while you, poor and contemptible thing, are only fit to be trodden down and despised.’ Just then the prince entered, followed by his workmen, and as his eye caught the humble *relievo*, he frowned, and asked in an angry voice, ‘ What fool hath dared to place that there?’ But no one dared reply. ‘ Take it up,’ he ordered, and was soon obeyed. ‘ Now give it fitting place.’ ‘ My lord, there is no place left,’ murmured a slave. ‘ Then dash

yonder gilded thing to pieces and place it there,' he said, pointing at the vain image. And to the ears of the figure, as the hammer fell, were borne these words—'Admire the justice of fate. It is meet that this should be honored and thou despised, *for it is porphyry, but thou art clay.*'" And bowing to all the father left the room.

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EXTRACTS FROM NORMAN RÜTHVEN'S  
LETTERS.

\* \* \* "I thought of you, dear Florry, when in the galleries; but of Edith Grey when alone upon the moonlighted balcony of the old palazzo. I have been everywhere and seen every thing; have climbed Vesuvius, and have picked up sundry pieces of lava and virgin sulphur for your cabinet. I have roamed through Pompeii with Bulwer's 'Last Days' in my brain to delight me, and Pliny's last description to frighten me. I have compared Naples Bay with the bay of New York, and

vote the former infinitely lovelier, patriotism included. I have been to sweet Lago di Como, and seen Terni and Tivoli, for a full description of which, together with all the becoming sentiments thereby inspired, I refer you to three thousand and five volumes of travels. To-morrow I shall see Rome. \* \* \*

"ROME! ROME! 'Mother and mistress of churches,' and once the 'Lady of the nations.' At every step Byron's line rang in my ears—

'Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust.'

He wrote of Waterloo. But I am in the city of the Cæsars. I shall behold the mighty Coliseum. I shall dream hours away in St. Peter's, then the Capitol; the Museum; the interminable Vatican; the frescoes of Michael Angelo and Raphael; the catacombs; the Galleries; the see of St. Peter and St. Paul; the home of the Father of fathers; the city of St. Leo!" \* \*

\* \* "I have seen Saint Peter's. I have been lost in its immensity, awed by its grandeur, and thrilled by its memories.

"The very approach is awful, for you emerge suddenly from narrow streets and hovels into a broad, spacious square, nearly encompassed by two semi-circular colonnades ; on each side is a large fountain, in the centre an Egyptian obelisk : at the further end a pile of stately buildings of brown stone. This is St. Peter's.

"I have forgotten how I got in, or what I first saw ; for a strain of rich music thrilled upon my sense, and I knelt and prayed. I cannot describe it to you mathematically. It will require cooler brains, calmer hearts, and more accurate pens than mine ; but for a week I passed hours every day within its sacred walls. I paced its broad chapels and vast aisles ; wandered through and under its huge columns and arches ; and walked again and again from the door to the high altar.

"Saint Peter's has no tinsel ; but all is massive and magnificent. Exquisite slabs of richest and rarest marbles, Mosaic paintings worth an emperor's ransom, statues of mighty men, effigies of a hundred saints, angels from the chisel of Michael Angelo ; frescoes from

the pencil of Raphael ; gorgeous tombs and solemn monuments. It is the throne of earthly magnificence, but more ; it is the temple of the great God ! \* \* \*

“ I have been presented to his Holiness, and received his benediction. Kind, gentle, and unaffected as a child, he asked two or three questions about my native country, and dismissed me with his blessing. It is a memory for life ! \* \* \*

“ Amid all the memories awakened by the Holy City, none has kept so constant possession of me as the memory of St. Leo. I fancy that I see the terrors of that awful night, whose dawn was to usher in the destruction of the city. I see the myriads of Goth and Hun who leaguer her old walls, and note the standard that floats above the tent of him, ‘beneath whose horse’s heel the grass withered,’ Attila, ‘The Scourge of God.’

“ Here are certain rhymings, which you in your affection will gently criticise :—



“ ST. LEO AND ATTLA.

“ Night in Rome : a night of wo,  
Storms above and fears below,  
Rocking towers and temples shaking,  
Lowering skies and spirits quaking.  
O'er the blacken'd vault of heaven  
Shot the white and blasting levin ;  
Peal'd the thunder, smoked the plain,  
With the fierce and ceaseless rain.  
To the tempest's reckless will,  
Rock'd the pines upon the hill.  
Stirr'd from its precarious sleep,  
Roar'd the avalanche down the steep.  
Sullen quakings, low and harsh,  
Echo'd from the Pontine marsh.  
And the Tiber, lash'd to foam,  
Swept around the walls of Rome.

“ Swift 'mid spire and column-rail,  
Sped the wild and fitful gale ;  
And between its pause and swell  
Rose the clanging of a bell.  
And the monk in lonely cell,  
And the startled sentinel,  
Hearing, as it smote the air,  
Cross'd himself or bent in prayer,  
As it mark'd the passing hour  
From Saint Angelo's high tower.

“ Outward through the gloomy haze,  
Stream'd the altar-candles' blaze ;  
In the short, infrequent calm,  
Rose the brethren's chanted psalm,  
At the altar prostrate sunk,  
Mitred bishop, cowed monk.  
Penitent and eremite  
Plead for angels' help that night.  
And the nun in convent gray  
Shudder'd at the coming day.  
In the palace, mute with dread,  
Bow'd the noble's haughty head.  
Fast the stately matron pray'd ;  
Wail'd the fair and high-bern maid.  
Trembling in his secret hold,  
Crouch'd the trader o'er his gold.  
Peasant mothers, shuddering, kept  
Vigil o'er their babes and wept.  
And the dying, happy hearted  
Only smiled as they departed,  
Blesséd to escape the sorrow  
Coming with the coming morrow.

“ 'Neath their marble-studded dome,  
Throng'd the senators of Rome,  
Whispering pairs, or mutes apart,  
White of lip, and faint of heart ;  
Ermined cloak and jewell'd trim  
Could not hide the trembling limb.  
Only firm amid them all,

Shone Saint Leo's cope and pall.  
O'er the old man's holy face  
Fear had left no blanching trace :  
Show'd his cheek no livid spot,  
For his spirit trembled not.  
Prayer his life and Christ his treasure,  
Ne'er forgetting God in pleasure,  
These could keep both heart and brow  
Calm through all the peril now.  
Time brings grief, but faith assuages ;  
He could trust the Rock of Ages :  
All his hope, in gain and loss,  
Fix'd on JESU'S Holy Cross.

“ Hoped and dreaded morn hath come,  
Beautiful it bursts o'er Rome ;  
Dimpling vale and smiling height  
Bathe in floods of golden light.  
Morn is fair on lawn and hill,  
Yet the Romans tremble still.  
Far around, by wave and coast,  
Like the eastern locust-host,  
O'er the wide campagna pour'd  
Hunnish tribe and Gothic horde,—  
Scythian from the Volga's banks,  
Bearded, wild-eyed Vandal ranks ;  
Every fierce barbarian sept  
Towards the holy city swept ;  
O'er their legions floating broad  
The flag of Attila the Hun ! THE SCOURGE OF GOD !

"Hark ! from the barbarian column  
Comes a murmur, slow and solemn.  
Hark ! as if to greet her foes  
Rome's eternal gates unclose,  
And, white-robed and two by two,  
Files a long procession through.  
First, mid censers deftly swung,  
Shines the Cross where Jesu hung.  
Then the priests, in triple row,  
Mid them Leo's mitred brow,  
Chant their hallow'd melody—  
*O miserere Domine !*  
Help from mortal there is none :  
Hope ne'er dwelt where came the Hun.  
Western king and Roman lord  
Long had quail'd at Scythia's horde —  
Peals the chant, our God, to Thee,  
*O miserere Domine !*  
O'er the Tiber, as they sang,  
Sweet the solemn accents rang.  
Soft the psalming, borne on high,  
Seem'd along the heaven to die,  
Hallowing earth and soothing sea—  
*O miserere Domine !*  
Loud the rude barbarian laugh'd,  
As he drain'd his matin draught :  
'Ho ! these coward Romans see !  
Send they gray-beard priests to me ?  
Rome shall learn to wail their loss ;  
What reck I of cope or cross ?  
Still approach'd that harmony,  
*O miserere Domine !*

" Now the pilgrim's goal is won.  
Now Saint Leo fronts the Hun ;  
And, with full and kindling eye,  
Bids him love the cross on high :  
Pleading even by Jesu's pity,  
For the doom'd and trembling city ;  
While the priests, on bended knee,  
Chant *O miserere Domine !*  
Sudden, brighter than the levin,  
Flashes splendid light from heaven ;  
And the Hun beholds on high,  
Marshall'd in the awful sky,  
Hosts of angels arm'd in light ;  
Near them, on a cloudy height,  
And the loftiest far of all,  
St. Peter with the keys, the sword of blessed Paul.\*

" Sinks the Hun upon his knee—  
*O miserere Domine !*  
' Go, O bishop, lord of Rome !  
These have saved thy sacred home !  
On its ancient walls shall shine  
Not a lance or glaive of mine.  
Here let all your terrors cease ;  
Attila accords you peace.  
Attila, whose mortal pride  
Mock'd at Heaven and all beside ;—  
He who look'd on mitred brow,  
Lady's honor, virgin's vow,

\* See Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, book III.

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Stole and altar—all as dross,  
Humbly bows him to the cross!"  
Father, go and pray for me—  
*O miserere Domine !"*

## CHAPTER VIII.

"In truth, but his must be a purblind sense,  
To whom the solemn days in which we live  
No room for awe, no scenes of rapture give,  
Or of historical magnificence.  
When for long years men have been so intent  
To march through change into one steady scope,  
With hearts to dream and energies of hope."

*Faber's 'Rosary.'*

## LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS—CEREMONIES.

THE pestilence was spreading. Every day the number of its victims augmented. It had swept the world. Thinning the millions of Asia, and filling the cities of Europe with dead, it had crossed the broad waters of the Atlantic, till now deemed an impassable barrier for disease, and had begun to "garner the grave" from the people of America. In New York city the number of cases had gradually increased from one or two to a hundred per diem. The terror of the pestilence was unequalled. Men fled as from a

doomed city. The voice of wailing was heard amid the luxuries of the rich man's dwelling, and the crowded poor were falling thickly. The physicians had as yet found no remedy. To be taken with cholera was to die. Some died of terror. Some from starvation almost; for men feared to eat the most wholesome food. A thousand theories were offered. Each article of food was, in succession, accused of causing the plague: each article of dress of carrying contagion. The hospitals were filled.

The Grahams had gone to Bloomingdale, taking Edith Grey with them. It was but an hour's ride from the city; but the air was pure, the population few and scattered, and the pestilence scarce showed itself.

Here Mr. Graham heard occasionally from Dick. He had allowed him a separate bank account, and Dick had exhausted it. His father would supply no more, for it flew away at the gambling tables. Dick had become a sot: there was no dissipation so de-



graded, no excitement so debased, as not to be indulged by him, if it only helped him to forget himself. His father had not seen him since their quarrel.

Father Le Fevre, who had persuaded Mrs. Graham to forgive him for being a Jesuit, and had been restored to her good graces, visited them at least once in every week. Edith Grey had read diligently the books procured from Florence, and had obtained others from the good old priest: she already recognised that she had no longer a satisfying basis in the religion in which she had been educated, but had not yet resolved to trust to the only Rock which God has set in the world, even the sure and steadfast rock of his Catholic church.

"Mr. Le Fevre," she said, "will you be kind enough to explain to Mr. Graham and myself some of the peculiarities of your church? How do you explain your worship of the cross and of other images? This is one of the most terrible sights to Protestant eyes."

"My dear child," said the old man, "what do you mean by worship?"

"I mean such adoration as I pay to God."

"Well, Miss Grey, if any Catholic should dare to pay such worship to the cross or to an image, he would soon feel the weight of the church's curse."

"Why, sir," asked Mr. Graham, "is there then more than one kind of worship?"

"Judge, sir, from the Church of England Prayer-book: 'With my body I thee *worship*,' says the bridegroom, in the marriage office. Do you think he means divine adoration? When a magistrate is addressed as 'your worship,' or a corporation is styled 'worshipful,' have those no different signification with religious worship of the Highest?"

"But, Mr. Le Fevre, we are told that you pay divine honors to saints and images. You surely use the words 'adore' and 'adoration.'"

"It has ever seemed strange to me," said

the father, "that the poet may profess worship, adoration, nay, idolatry, of his mistress, yet no man dreams of charging him with impiety even, while the Catholic, eager to show his love and honor for the blessed saints, must be restricted in his language, and confined in his very gestures, or else he must brook the bitterest accusations of paganism, and I know not what. I have seen a young man fall upon his knees before the picture of his dead mother, fix his eyes on it, call it by the most endearing names, and beseech *it*, in literal language, to look down on him from heaven, and to pray for him, yet all men thought that this was to his honor; while, if the Catholic but shows such reverence to a picture of the Mother of God, or of any other saint, it is the empty image *he* prays to, it is the wood or the canvass that *he* addresses. Is it not somewhat hard that the Catholic cannot have at least as much freedom as another man? But perhaps I speak unjustly."

"As far as I am concerned," said Edith, "I cannot deny that my feelings have been such as you describe, and my thoughts of, and language towards Catholics, no more just."

"But is there really no worship paid to images or to the cross?" Mr. Graham asked.

"Not in your sense of the word 'worship,'" replied the father. "We pay them every honor, which does not and cannot entrench upon the prerogatives of the most Holy Trinity; but we never forget that they are creatures."

"But is not this honoring the cross liable to lead to abuse? Nay, is it not abused?"

"What good thing is there on earth not abused? Are not food and drink abused? But shall we give up the use of them? Are not the Bible, and the sacraments, and the sacred ministry abused? And must they therefore be abolished?" When the Catholic kneels down and kisses the blessed cru-

\* See Preface to "Office for Holy Week," Derby, published for Cath. Book. Soc. *passim*.

cifix, he knows that it is done only for the purpose of impressing on the soul, in a more lively and enduring manner, the boundless mercies and unutterable sufferings of the Redeemer. He is not to be taught that no inherent power or divinity exists in the wood or metal. He has learned from his childhood that he must place no confidence in it; that he can expect nothing from it; that it can neither hear, see, nor help him."

"Yet the very kneeling and kissing seem profane to some."

"Is it then profane for a peer to kneel to his sovereign, or for a witness in court to kiss the Bible? If not, when will Protestants learn to view Catholics as men, neither better men nor worse than others, if you will, but at least entitled, by the mere fact of humanity, to the same privileges, the same freedom of thought, word, and action? If you don't like them, let them alone. You do not like Unitarians, yet you never abuse them as you do the Catholics."

"All this," answered Mr. Graham, "is undeniably true, and I recognise in myself but a recent disenthralment from the same prejudices."

"But, Mr. Le Fevre," said Mrs. Graham, "there are some things which appear unreasonable to me in your ceremonies. Your use of holy water and incense, and your bowings and genuflections. What now can be the object of holy water?"

"It is blessed by the church, madam, in solemn prayers, to beg God's protection and blessing upon those that use it, and in particular that they may be defended from all the powers of darkness."

"But is it not a comparatively modern thing?" asked Edith.

"The ancient laws, called the Apostolic Constitution," said Father Le Fevre, "enjoin it.\* Pope Alexander, fourth Pope from St. Peter, mentions it; and its merits

\* Ap. Const. l. 8, c. 29; see also St. Epiphanius, Hær. 30; St. Jerome, Vit. St. Hilarion; S. Greg. Mag. l. 9, ep. 71.

are cause enough for its adoption, had it nothing else to recommend it."

"In what do these consist, sir?"

"They consist in reminding us of our baptism, by which we entered into Christ's mystical body, and therefore we are taught to sprinkle ourselves with it, whenever we enter the material temple. And furthermore, it fortifies against the illusions of evil spirits. So, Theodoret the historian tells us, (lib. v. c. 21,) that when Marcellus, Bishop of Apamæa, A. D. 391, was about to destroy the temple of Jupiter in that place, by fire, a demon appeared and prevented the burning of the wood. After much difficulty, the historian tells us, that 'the bishop ran directly to the church, and called for water; when it was brought, he placed it upon the holy altar. He then threw himself upon the ground, upon his face, and prayed. After which he made the sign of the cross upon the water, and desired Equitius, a deacon full of faith and zeal, to sprinkle the water

on the wood. As soon as this was done the demon fled, and his temple fell.' But, Mrs. Graham, there are many who are accustomed to call these vain ceremonies, trifling, and uninstructional."

"And to such you would say—"

"That aught ever commanded by the eternal JEHOVAH, should be spoken of more reverently by worms of the dust."

"But, sir, do you say that God has ever commanded the use of holy water?"

"Did not He command Elias to consecrate water, that it might heal disease? did not Moses sprinkle the people as the Catholic priest does his, with holy water? was not the consecrated water for the purification of the leper's house, or the water of expiation, holy?"\*

"You would apply, of course, the same rule of argument, and insist on the same view, with regard to incense, bowing, and so forth?" Mr. Graham said.

\* 4 Kings ii. 21; Heb. ix. 19; Levit. xiv.; Numbers xix.



"Yes," replied the priest. "Besides, incense excites awe in a people, and begets a pious esteem for that to which it is applied; and it also reminds us that so should our prayers ascend like a sweet perfume in the sight of God; therefore the English church begins her service with these words :

"'From the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto Me, and a pure offering,' &c."

"Why do you never pass an altar without bowing?" asked Edith.

"Because it always contains the holy body of Christ," said Mr. Le Fevre. "Besides, if the Jewish altar was so holy, as, in the words of our blessed Lord, to 'sanctify the gift,' must not the Christian altar, whereon He Himself is immolated, be far more sacred?"

"I have still another subject of inquiry,"

said Mr. Graham, "unless you are wearied, sir?"

"Do not fear that," said the old man, with a smile; "I will not soon weary of disabusing an ingenuous mind of its unworthy prejudices. Speak with perfect freedom, I beg of you. What is your difficulty?"

"How can you defend, then, your Latin service? Is it not to the injury of the majority of the people, that the language is one which they do not understand?"

"It is, on the contrary, no prejudice at all, provided they are well instructed in the nature of this sacrifice, and taught how to accompany the priest with proper devotions. Besides, nobody need be ignorant of the meaning of the Latin. You will find the Canon of the Mass translated in almost every prayer-book."

"But should not all the people unite with you?"

"No; this is not required, if by uniting with us you mean repeating the words. It

is only necessary that they assist with devout hearts. The sixteenth chapter of Leviticus will inform you, that no man was allowed to remain in the temple when the high-priest carried the blood of atonement into the sanctuary. And St. Luke tells us, (i. 10,) that all the people prayed without, while Zacharias offered incense within the temple."

"But St. Paul objects to the use of unknown tongues."

"Yes; for extempore or new prayers or exhortations. Now, the church uses no Latin but that which has been used for centuries, and is therefore familiar to all the faithful. All her exhortations, sermons, and lectures, are given in the vulgar tongue."

"But what arguments are there in favor of retaining this language?"

"It is the ancient language of the church, used in all her sacred offices for ages; it compels uniformity, so that a Christian finds his liturgy always the same, in whatever

country he may be, and it is not subject to the constant and unedifying changes to which a vulgar tongue must submit."

"But your church is alone in such a practice."

"By no means. Pinkerton tells us that the Russian church uses the ancient Slavonic; the Greeks, the Armenians, Syrians, Copts, Ethiopians, all use their ancient tongues, not a word of which is now used by the people. Why not abuse these also?"

"I wonder why it is that men so constantly revile the Catholic church and no other?" said Edith.

"The reason is found in these words, my child," replied the old man, "'*Men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall speak all manner of evil falsely against you, for My sake.*' Were this the only proof of our holy church being the very church of Christ, it were proof enough. But I must bring you two or three books that treat of and explain

all these matters ; and I venture to trust that they will open your eyes, equally to the beauty of the Catholic service and the truth of the Catholic doctrine."

## CHAPTER IX.

" Hot from the Asian pestilential sands  
Cometh the two-edged sword of death,  
And the deep wall of many stricken lands  
Is waked by its breath.

Knocking upon the rich man's polish'd door,  
It cries, 'Wealth cannot save.'

Startling the squalid silence of the poor,  
It bids them to the grave.

And earth that laugh'd to heaven seems broken-hearted,  
And hope seems dead in man, and God from love departed."

## THE CHOLERA.

ONE gloomy morning, while the hot, unwholesome fog yet hung above the city, a tall ship sailed slowly up to her wharf at the foot of one of the numerous business streets. Many of the flags around her were displayed at half mast, the wharves and shipping looked deserted, and now and then the comers from a foreign land, could see a face peer from some cabin door, to be instantly withdrawn. No sound of busy, trampling feet, nor roar of many vehicles, nor bustling eager faces, saluted them.

At last, when fairly moored, a solitary individual made his appearance at the head of the wharf, and walked rapidly towards the newly-arrived vessel. When he had approached near enough to be heard, he inquired—

“Are you all well on board?” and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he stepped hastily forward, and mounted the side.

“What is the matter here?” asked the master. “One would think half the city were dying or dead.”

“They are!” replied the clerk; “two hundred and sixty cases yesterday.”

“Cases of what?” asked the master; “silks, teas, or broadcloths?”

The clerk looked at him a moment, and then drawing close to him, answered—

“CHOLERA !”

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A few moments after, Norman Ruthven emerged from the cabin. Finding no vehicles upon the wharf, he determined to walk

to the nearest hack stand, and to send for his baggage the next day. Having notified the master, he went over the side, and as his foot touched the dock, he thought—

“Home, once more ! It is a home to me, for here are my mother’s ashes. Now, for dear Florence !”

As he crossed Water-street, four men passed him carrying a litter, with curtains of blue check.

“Some poor fellow for the hospital,” thought Ruthven. But before he had walked two squares further, he saw another, and yet another. So many startled him ; and as he turned into Broadway, he observed just before him a laborer with his little tin-kettle going to work. Ruthven looked at his watch, and thought it wrong ; it pointed to eight o’clock, yet the man walked slowly. As Norman looked round, he noticed that the stores were all shut, and very few persons in the street, and they walking with hurried pace.



"It must be earlier," he thought, but as he passed St. Paul's its dull chimes rung out eight. At this moment the laborer before him fell, and in falling turned round, and showed a face whitened with agony, and blue lips shrunk, and distorted eyes. Ruthven moved quickly towards him, but before he could reach him, four men, from what quarter he could not see, approached with noiseless steps, and placed the poor fellow in a litter.

"What is the matter?" Ruthven asked of one of them. "I have just entered the city this morning, and have seen half a dozen of these litters."

The man looked at him, and answered with the one word—

"Cholera !"

Then the sun broke through the mists, hot and lurid ; and the traveller stopped a moment as a hearse followed by a single carriage passed him. Another square, and he found men scattering from a cart chloride

of lime, whose acrid smell pervaded the entire city. Then came another funeral, if a hearse alone may be called a funeral ; for the clay within was deserted by every human friend. But a more faithful friend, a poor dog, followed it, ever and anon raising its head and uttering a subdued and melancholy cry, that brought the tears to the young man's eyes ; and he watched it till it turned a corner, and was hidden from sight. There were few men in the city so faithful as the dog. They fled from their kindred—the mother left her child, and the son his parent ; the preacher had forsaken his pulpit ; the man of pleasure his accustomed haunts ;—but the dog remained :

“ It did not know, poor fool, why love should not be true to death.”

This was Ruthven's welcome home !

The vast city was indeed a desert. Terror seemed written on every face. All watering places in the neighborhood of the city

were filled by those who hoped to escape the angel of death by flight. The steamers plying on the rivers bore crowds away, but returned empty ; most of the stores and shops were closed. Even Mammon saw his crowd of worshippers diminish. Yet God was in the city. And still the Catholic priest ministered at the altar, and visited his sick, and denied to no dying lips the blessed body of CHRIST, for fear of the pestilence. And in the noisome lanes and alleys of the city, where contagion brooded incessantly over all, and hourly deaths proclaimed the reign of the plague, the gentle footstep of the Sister of Charity was heard, and her dark-robed form flitted noiselessly from couch to couch, and her kind hands ministered to the desolate poor, and her kind lips smoothed, with blessed, hopeful words, the rugged way of dissolution.

Thus hath God marked his Church. The sectarian may rail, and slander and blaspheme the Catholic church ; he may arraign

her holy priesthood at the bar of vulgar prejudice ; he may turn his ribald songs, and direct his foul jests against her sisterhoods of mercy ; but he cannot blot from the record of this city's history, how when the wings of the pestilence brooded above it, shedding down for evermore the icy dews of death, save in the case of close kindred, there were no men at the altar, no women at the sick-bed, save the Catholic priest and the Sister of Charity. There is no eloquence like the eloquence of a fact !

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“I think, my dears,” said Mrs. Singleton to her son and daughter, “that we must make a little party up for Miss Grey. You, Amelia, should show her great attention ; and, dear George, if you would be more attentive to her and less so to my governess, I should be well pleased.”

“Miss Grey has not half the beauty of Florence Ruthven,” said the son.

"She will have fifty thousand dollars," said the mother.

"True, mamma ; I shall pay her certain attentions. When will you ask her here ?"

"To-morrow night ; for this horrid cholera will drive us from the city on the next day."

"It will be well if to-morrow be not some fast-day," sneered Miss Singleton, "in which case we may be deprived of Miss Ruthven's services at the piano."

"Fast-day or not," said the mother, "my governess must play. These Catholics are always for praying or massing. Just think, when I sent that saucy beggar-woman away yesterday, Miss Ruthven must slip out and give her a dollar. I wonder where she gets so many !"

"Not from the salary," said George, sententiously. "How was the beggar saucy, mother ?"

"Why, when I refused her, she told me her child would die, and looked at me, as

much as to say it was my fault. But these poor people are so impudent."

"Yes," added Miss Singleton, and Miss Ruthven prayed the Virgin Mary to bless her, Bridget told me, and said 'it was easy to see the old blood in her.' Bridget is getting very saucy, mamma, and should be dismissed."

"Hush, my dear; we owe her for eight or nine months. Besides, you know that the Catholics pray to their saints, and think if they give money to the poor, and go to mass, they are sure to be saved. But they have no religion."

"It is much cheaper to be a Protestant, certainly," said Singleton as he left the room.

Miss Grey had consented to come; and, furthermore, a Mr. Levistone, the very best *partie* in the city, had signified his acceptance of his invitation. Mrs. Singleton was in ecstasies of maternal hope: there was Edith,

worth fifty thousand dollars, for George ; and Mr. Levistone, worth no one knew how much, for Amelia ; and she had given both full instructions as to the best means of winning the prizes. There was but one drawback to her pleasure ; all the evening before the visitors had arrived, George hung as if entranced over Florence Ruthven. At length she could endure it no longer, and calling her son into a corner she addressed him—

“ You are surely not serious in your attentions to my governess ? ”

“ Perfectly so, I assure you, ma'am. ”

“ What ! the dependent on our bounty ! the mere upper servant, and a *Catholic* besides ! ”

“ As to her religion, mother, I fancy you would overlook all that if she were rich ; but she is decidedly the loveliest and most intelligent girl whom I meet in your drawing-rooms. ”

“ But you surely would not marry her ? ”

"Marry! Oh no, I never thought of that?"

"Oh, well, my dear son, if you promise me that, I will set my mind at rest."

Yet Florence Ruthven loved him, with all a woman's deep truth.

Alas for the maternal hopes! Scarcely had Miss Grey entered the rooms, and paid the customary compliments, than she caught sight of the governess, and sprang towards her, exclaiming—

"Dear Florence, I have come to enjoy this evening with you. You must thank Miss Ruthven for my company to-night, Mrs. Singleton, for, but for my great desire to see her, I am afraid I might not have come."

Here was a pleasant piece of information. But before Mrs. Singleton could resolve on what to do, Mr. Levistone was announced, and after him three or four others of both sexes. Mrs. Singleton smiled again, when she saw her daughter catch 'the lion of the



night,' and establish herself beside him upon a *chaise longue*. Alas, again! Scarcely was he seated when his eye rested upon the two ladies with whom George Singleton was now talking.

"Who is that beautiful girl with whom your brother is conversing?" he asked.

"That? Oh, that is Miss Grey, quite an heiress, and therefore a favorite with you gentlemen."

"I do not mean Edith," he answered, "we are related; but what name has that angel-face at her side."

"That angel-face," replied Miss Singleton, with a sneer, "is our governess."

"Ah, how fortunate! you can see her every day. But, her name?"

"Is Ruthven."

"Ah! has she a brother Norman?"

"I have understood that she had such a relative," replied Amelia, "but I do not know his name."

"Doubtless the same," said Mr. Levi-

stone ; " I met him at Rome You must present me, will you not ?"

" Certainly, if you desire it; but you know she is a Catholic."

" Well, do you not like Catholics ?"

Now, Mr. Levistone had the name of a religious man, and it was thought that the most of his large income was spent in charity. Most of Amelia's acquaintance who professed any religion were decided Protestants, and on their opinions she thought she could model her answer safely.

" Like them ? Oh, no ! They are all so wicked and Jesuitical."

" What precise ideas do you connect with the latter word ?"

" I don't know exactly," she replied, " but all that is bad."

" I am sorry for your opinions," he said, with a smile, and turning a pair of large calm, black eyes upon her, " for I am a Catholic."

A gentleman now addressing Miss Single-

ton, Levistone spared her the trouble of a reply, and crossing the room, was presented by Edith Grey to Florence, whom he found to be really the sister of his fellow-traveller. And, once at her side, there was no drawing him away. If she was ordered to sing or play, he stood at the piano until she had finished. When a quadrille was formed, expressly to make him vis-à-vis with Amelia, neither he nor Miss Grey would dance. At last Mrs. Singleton approached them, saying—

“The quadrille waits for you, Miss Ruthven.”

Levistone looked up, and answered, “No, ma'am, 'tis already filled.”

“It was to *play*, that I spoke to Miss Ruthven.”

Florence moved towards the piano, but Levistone detained her.

“Do sit still,” he said; “I have a long story to tell about your brother. Do, dear madam,” he added to Mrs. Singleton, “get

some of those idle ladies to play ; they are good for nothing else. Miss Ruthven can converse. Edith, go play for those people, please."

"Am I, then, one of your idle ladies who are good for nothing else?"

So Edith played. And disappointed scheming vexed the soul of the Singletons ; and the light hearts and lighter feet danced merrily, and the lights shone gayly, and the laughter rang.

But without, the pestilence raged, and Death reaped his harvest, and from the roofs under which the poor are gathered, rose the wail of the bereaved and the moans of the dying. And the bearers of the hospital-litters moved past the house whence so much gayety proceeded, and hardened as they were, they wondered.

And ever at the couch of the plague-stricken sufferers, knelt the lowly Sisters of Mercy, and held the crucifix to the lips of the dying.

Levistone rose for a moment to speak to Edith, and then Mrs. Singleton approached Florence, and said—

“Miss Ruthven, you had better retire to your room. My governess has interfered too long already with the evening’s amusements.”

Florence rose proudly, crossed the room, and as she closed the door behind her, found herself face to face with her brother.

“Norman, dear Norman, why did you leave me?” and throwing herself into his arms, she burst into tears.

“Florry, my dear sister,” faltered Ruthven, “what is the matter?” And as she recounted rapidly her life of slavery and the insults offered her, his cheek grew very pale, and the straight angry furrow appeared between his brows, a certain sign of intense, concentrated passion.

“Get your hat, Florence, and come;—I will wait for you here.”

When she came down, he gave her his

arm, and opening the door of the drawing-room, walked up to Mrs. Singleton.

"I have come to relieve you of your governess," he said; "had I been here, she would never have been subject to the vulgar insolence which you have heaped upon her. From you," he added, sternly turning to Singleton, "I shall demand another account." And bowing haughtily, he left the room.

His exit was marked by perfect silence: nor could any effort of their entertainers arouse the guests. One by one they dropped off, leaving Singleton to most gloomy meditations, and his mother and sister to mutual recriminations.

On the next morning, after yielding to his sister's pleadings, receiving her assurance that George Singleton had uniformly treated her with respect and attention, and having promised to have no quarrel with him, he had taken his sister up to their uncle's country-seat, and returned immediately to the

city. An hour after he had left Woodleigh, Miss Grey arrived to spend the summer with her friend.

When, after making her toilet, she descended to the drawing-rooms, she found Mr. Graham and a Presbyterian minister attacking Father Le Fevre on the subject of Transubstantiation and Masses for the dead. When the greetings were over, the gentlemen renewed their discussion, and Edith listened eagerly.

"It is certainly idolatry to worship the bread," said the minister.

"I do not dream of denying it," answered Father Le Fevre; "but we have no doctrine that teaches such worship."

"Surely, sir, you will not deny that you adore the sacrament of the Eucharist."

"My belief, sir, like that of all other Catholics, is in obedience to and conformity with the laws of the holy Council of Trent, which, respecting the Eucharist, condemns all 'who say that Christ is not adorable in

that sacrament.\* We give no honor to the species of bread, but hold what the Church hath ever taught."

"I think you mistake," said the minister, "in asserting your belief to be what the Church has always taught. It is impossible to trace either your Real Presence or your Propitiatory Sacrifices farther back than Paschasius, in the ninth century."

"Are you well advised of that, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"And are you willing to rest the entire strength of your argument upon that assertion?"

"I am, sir, so confident am I of its truth."

"I call you to witness, Mr. Graham," said the Father, "and you, Miss Grey, that if I prove the clear existence of both these doctrines before the ninth century, I may claim the victory, and prove the truth of the Church."

\* "Si quis dixerit in Sancto Eucharistie Sacramento Christum, Unigenitum Dei Filium non esse cultu latræ, etc." Sessio xiii. Can. vi.



The minds of both Edith and Mr. Graham were in about the same state ; both half convinced, both fearful to be wholly so. The assertion now hazarded by the Presbyterian minister was one which they had heard again and again ; for these two were doctrines constantly attacked, and always on the score of their lack of antiquity. It was with some anxiety, then, that they heard the good father's answer as follows :

“St. Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, A. D. 107, says, in his epistle to the Smyrnæans concerning certain heretics : ‘They abstain from the Eucharist and from the public prayers, because they confess not the Eucharist to be the flesh of our Saviour JESUS CHRIST, which suffered for our sins, and which the Father raised again.’ St. Cyprian, the holy bishop of Carthage, A. D. 250, says, in his sixty-sixth epistle, concerning a dead priest who had broken the canons, that ‘no oblation can be made for him, no sacrifice offered ;’ and in his thirty-seventh epistle,

after exhorting them to remember the martyrs, he adds, that 'oblations and sacrifices for them are here made by us.' And you observe that he teaches nothing new, but speaks as if of an old matter. In later times, A. D. 315, hear St. Cyril, archbishop of Jerusalem, in his catechumenical instructions:—'As the bread and wine,' he says, 'of the Eucharist, before the holy invocation of the adorable Trinity, was simple bread and wine, while after invocation the bread becomes the body of Christ, and the wine the blood of CHRIST, so,' &c. (*Cat.* xix. 7.) Again he says, 'When we offer to Him our supplications for those who have fallen asleep, though they be sinners, we offer up Christ sacrificed for our sins, propitiating our merciful God for them and for ourselves.' (*Cat.* xxiii. 10.) And again, in the same lecture, describing the method of celebrating the Eucharist, he says, 'Afterwards, also, on behalf of the holy fathers and bishops who have fallen asleep before us, and, in a word, of all who in past

years have fallen asleep among us, believing that it will be a very great advantage to the souls for whom supplication is put up, while that holy and most awful sacrifice is presented.' (*Cat.* xxiii. 9.) Now these are no isolated passages, but merely extracts from the common Catholic teaching of the day. Yet these, sir, are not authorities of the ninth century.\*

"But," urged the preacher, "these are but individual authorities."

"I do not desire to debate," said Father Le Fevre. "Human reason cannot render a mystery clear to human intellect. You rested your argument on the assumption of the newness of these doctrines, and I have shown you that they were ancient as the Church herself."

"Antiquity does not prove truth," says Mosheim," rejoined the Presbyterian.

"Whatever is first is true: whatever is later is adulterate,"† says a better authority,

\* *Vid. et S.* Cyril. Hierosol. xxi. 3; xxi. 1, 6, 9; xxiii. 20.

† "Id esse verum, quodcunque primum: id esse adulterum, quodcunque posterius." Tertul. adv. Prax. § 2. Opera p. 405.

Tertullian," replied the father, quietly. "I prefer, for my own part, the primitive maxim to the modern."

Both Mr. Graham and Edith felt the foundation of their religion shake beneath them. Most of their prejudices were already destroyed; and Edith, who had given all her attention to the subject, if she had not already become secretly a Catholic, had at least ceased to be a Protestant: and nightly on bended knees did she plead for pardon for her sinful prejudices, and enlightenment for her search after truth.

But soon Florence Ruthven gave tokens of decay. Always too delicately beautiful for earth, she had of late grown thinner and more spiritual-looking, and from her chest consumption spoke in a hollow cough. Physicians would not recommend any other climate, nor give any hope of recovery; and her uncle saw her fading with a breaking heart.

"I killed her mother, and this is for my

punishment," he murmured. But from this self-reproach he was called by a letter from Norman, saying that his son was found, but dying of cholera.

In an hour the agonized father had reached New York. Silent and deserted seemed the vast city. The nauseous smell of drugs tainted the atmosphere ; the hospitals teemed with the dying and the dead ; and alternately came the litter-bearers with a new sufferer, or the carriers of the dead bore away a loathsome corpse. Three hundred were smitten in a single day. In the wealthy mansion the rich man left his gold, and the delicate daughter of affluence quailed at the horrible plague : in the dens of the pauper the mother died upon the earth, and the babe sickened at her bosom and wailed painfully, and was no more. And they buried them together in the Potter's Field. " Living, none cared for them but Death : dead, none regarded them but God !"

## CHAPTER X.

"Is there no mercy left in heaven ? The world  
Is perishing to-day.  
When, O death-angel, shall thy wings be furled ?  
When wilt thou pass away ?  
The babe sinks in its mother's arms ; she after  
Silent beside it lies.  
The strong man pauses in his echoing laughter,  
Clenches his hands and dies."

## THE CHOLERA.

WHEN Mr. Graham reached his town house, he found a note from his nephew lying on his table. It gave directions for finding the place of his son's retreat, and told him that Ruthven had already gone there, but dissuaded him from coming. The old man mused over his son's fall, and with the utmost bitterness charged himself with it.

"I gave him no religious principles," he murmured, "but only hatred of one Christian body. I made religion hateful by my prejudice and severity ; and now I am pun-

ished. Wo to such systems as mine ! It has made poor Dick a gambler and a drunkard : now it has ripened him, and fitted him by dissipation for the cholera. I must go to him, and, if possible, bring him home." So leaving a note to be sent to his physician, he set out.

The cholera was at its height. Terror was enthroned above the great city. Men had forgotten affection and duty. Some were even frightened from the shrines of Mammon.

He passed the door of a preacher ; they were piling trunks on a carriage. A woman was begging the reverend gentleman to come and see her sick husband.

"What ails him ?" was the question.

She answered, "The cholera ;" and the preacher shut the door in her face, and flew to sprinkle himself with aromatics.

As Mr. Graham passed at a rapid pace toward the northeastern part of the city, the poor would look up from their squalor, and

wonder what a gentleman could be doing among them. Once he saw a door open, and a strong man struggling with a woman. The blue plague-marks were on her cheeks, and her livid lips and shrunken eyes told her story. And she hung upon the man—he was her husband—and besought him not to leave her, and clung with the tenacity of terror to his arm; but he struck her from him and fled. And as she fell on the floor, a dark-robed nun stole to her side, and murmured—

“I will nurse you, my sister.”

On, on, through the dying and the dead. Sometimes a strong man would wither and fall almost at his feet; and the silent litter-carriers would lift him and bear him away. Sometimes two or three reeling wretches, striving to drown terror in debauchery, would sweep cursing past him: and once a girl of sixteen, beautiful but sunk in all vice, caught his arm and asked for money to drink; and while oaths and obscenity fell from her lips,



as he threw her a coin, the greenish tints of the pestilence spread over her features, and she fell.

But on, on, through the dying and the dead. Sometimes the dead-cart would rumble past, heavy with its sad freight. Sometimes the shouts of bacchanalian revelries would rise from the damp cellars beneath him. And ever and anon, his eye would note the devoted priest of JESUS, as he bore the blessed body of his Lord to the bed of the faithful dying, or the gentle Sister of Charity, as she sped, fearless of contagion, from house to house.

"Surely, God is with *them*," he muttered, "though he would seem almost to have deserted all others."

Suddenly he paused and looked round him; he had come to the place described in Ruthven's note, an old, dilapidated frame house. As he entered the door, he was jostled by men bearing out a corpse. As he reached the first landing-place on the rickety

staircase, he heard low moans and a soothing voice. Glancing in at the open door, he saw a nun kneeling beside a woman. Across the damp hall he heard the low tones of a Catholic priest, saying the service for the departing soul. Still he ascended, looking into every room as he passed. Some were empty, some were filled with the very poorest of earth's poor. In one there lay the dead body of an infant alone! At last, as he reached the miserable garret, he heard a voice, which sounded familiarly, and saw his son stretched upon a low cot, with Norman Ruthven sitting at the head, bathing the sufferer's forehead; and the stranger whom he had so often met standing by the side.

The old man tottered forward, and threw himself on his knees by the bed.

"My son, my son," he murmured, "forgive me that I have brought you to this."

The young man raised his head, and gazed upon his father with the fierce eyes of fever.

verb says, 'There must be fire where there is so much smoke.' There cannot be many like you."

"There are very many better than I am, Mr. Graham; but I do not see the force of your proof or your proverb."

"I mean, sir, that when all men unite to revile a society, it must be a bad one."

"Do all men write against the Order of Jesus, then?"

"All but your own church."

"There are then some millions for them. How many were found friends of Him, whose holy name they bear, when all men reviled Him?"

"This was a case," urged Mr. Graham, "which should hardly be used as an argument."

"I do not see why," said the father; "but we will pass it. How many stood by the side of Moses, when the whole stiff-necked, turbulent people rebelled against him? How many dared adhere to Louis when all France,

save the peasants of La Vendee, howled like wolves for his blood? None, sir, save one poor pupil of the Jesuits. He whom the depraved and infidel mob could not terrify; who bore their imprecations calmly as if they had been blessings, and steadfastly administered the comforts of the church, amid ten thousand dangers; and when the last moment had come, gave his blessing in those sublime words, 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!' What, sir, supported this man?"

"It could have been no other thing than the power of God," Mr. Graham answered.

"It *was* the power of God," said Mr. Le Fevre, "and that will support the order, as it ever has done. But what are your chief objections?"

"Why, sir, that they are greedy and avaricious of power; false, and bound by no principle; holding, as a guiding law, the rule, that man may work evil for a good result."

"Your charges are sweeping, Mr. Graham, but not well advised. Have you ever seen them proven?"

"Except in individual cases, no."

"It is very easy to make a charge. Our blessed Saviour was accused of sedition and blasphemy. As for individual cases of iniquity, doubtless they have occurred. They may even be numerous, but remember the extent of the Order, and the number of its members. Can you find so large a collection of men, anywhere, and all of them pure? Remember who said, 'Lo I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.' Can you quote twenty instances of depraved Jesuits?"

"I think not, father; perhaps, however, I could reckon up so many."

"Well, sir, I will allow you one hundred, or five hundred, or a thousand, if you like; and I will then point out to you on the rolls of this same society thousands of saints and martyrs, a hundred holy to one bad man. Will

not this bring the balance in favor of the Order? There is no country where pagans ever sacrificed to idols which has not been watered with their blood."

"But, father, so many speak against them."

"Lord Bacon was no Jesuit, yet to them he says: 'Being what you are, would God you had belonged to us.'\* And the great Protestant doctor, Grotius, says of them: 'Their morals are blameless, their education is good, they have great power with the people because of the holiness of their lives.† Two such names (I could give you fifty) are surely enough to destroy the clamorous charges of a thousand demagogues, or French infidels.'"

"But their doctrines, father, are they not faulty?"

"Their doctrines are those of the rest of the Catholic church; they have no distinct

\* *Lib. de Aug. Scientiarum*, 23.

† Ravignan's *Jesuits*, p. 145.

creed, are bound by the same decrees, teach no new religions."

"Their ambition is at least—"

"That which their vows enjoin. The ambition that strives for the maintenance and advancement of God's church, that pants for the martyr's crown, the saint's glory."

"But their duplicity."

"They have sat in all courts, the counsellors of kings—when was the trust abused? they have been trusted by every European throne—which one declared them faithless? They have founded countless colleges; who points out their pupils as adepts in deceit? Look at facts, my dear sir, they are the best proofs. Take one extract from a Protestant writer: 'Their preachers were heard,' he says, 'and admired in every country; their tribunals of penance were crowded; the sick and dying were always secure of their attendance, when demanded; their books of devotion were everywhere read with confidence; the good example resulting from the

purity of their morals, secured them, even in the last fatal persecution, from inculpation; it disabled the malice of calumny. In the impossibility of criminating living Jesuits, their worst enemies could only revile the dead.\* Such is the testimony of one Protestant witness."

"What shall I think, father?" said Mr. Graham, puzzled. "I have tried before this, to trace my opinions of this order to proof, but I have failed?"

"Will you read, sir, the life of two Jesuits, the founder of the order and its dearest boast, St. Ignatius of Loyola, and St. Francis Xavier?"

"I will, sir, and will endeavor to profit by them."

"I will then," said Father Le Fevre, "send them to you; they are written by a French clergyman, Father Bouhours."

At this moment a note was brought to Mr. Graham from his nephew, requesting

\* *Dallas, Hist. Soc. Jes.*



him to come down to the city. As he rode, he overtook a neighbor and offered him a seat, which was accepted.

"Have you heard the last city gossip?" he inquired.

"No, I have sickness in my family at present," answered Mr. Graham, "and seldom go to town. To what do you allude now?"

"To the smash of the Singletons."

"The 'smash' of the Singletons! Please be a little more explanatory."

"Certainly. You know, then, that old Singleton was supposed to have left his widow a hundred thousand dollars?"

"I remember such an estimate at the time of his death," replied Mr. Graham.

"Well, sir, the truth is, as usual, just one fourth of the rumor. He left them twenty-five thousand. Instead, however, of investing this in business, and working hard like his father before him, the young man, either persuading his mother or persuaded by her,

launched at once into all fashionable expenses. When the money was all eaten up they mortgaged the house, and spent that. Then they first ran into debt, then into difficulties, and at last ran away."

"And the result?" asked Mr. Graham.

"The result is that the house and furniture were sold by the sheriff, and that the youngster has run off with an heiress from Saratoga."

This would have furnished the old gentleman with food for meditation, had his mind not been filled with more important matters.

When he had left Father Le Fevre, the good old priest mused upon his change of heart, and blessed Him for it who 'readeth the secret thoughts of man's heart.' He was aroused from his devout meditations by the entrance of Edith Grey.

"Dear child," he said, taking her hand, "you are waiting upon your friend too closely. Your cheek is thin and pale, and

your eyes are sunken. You must take more rest."

"Yes," she said, "it is rest I need, but not of the body. Father, do you know any thing of convents?"

"Yes, my daughter; but why such a question?"

"Are there any grounds for the charges against them?" she inquired, without answering his interrogatory

"What charges, Edith?"

"That they are corrupt and vile, sir, destroying the hearts to which they have promised peace. You know, that since the Reformation, monk and nun have been harsh terms to use to one."

"Yes," said the father, "and with about the same degree of truth, as attend most other fruits of that precious schism. The monastery and the convent, my child, formed one of the noblest of ecclesiastical institutions. There were holy men and holy women collected to serve God, by fasts and

prayers, and unceasing charities. There the good found pleasure and the broken-hearted peace !”

“ But, father, is there no truth in the charges of sloth and worse crimes ?”

“ When the church was unthreatened on any side, dear child, the reins of her discipline relaxed, and there were many religious houses which contained corrupt and dissolute men and women ; but the stern hand of the church, when awaked to vigilance, cleansed all these. The monastic institution is, I maintain, an essential part of a Christian people's happiness. The people have never been happy since its destruction, they never will be till its restoration. I speak particularly of England, with which country our own so much assimilates in these matters.”

“ How were these so much the people's friends ?” Edith asked.

“ By standing ever between them and their oppressors. When the cross gleamed

from a thousand monasteries, all met beneath it as friends, almost as equals. Thereto the wounded noble and the poor peasant wended ; therein were their diseases healed, their bruises dressed, their souls instructed. There were bad monks and lazy monks, but the body was composed of men who lived up to their vows. Would to God, that those houses were in every corner of our land ! The workhouse and the almshouse are uninviting ; thousands die rather than enter them ; but the poor would gladly receive the bounty of the church. Would that we had monasteries again ! For now the houseless poor wander through the night and storm to perish. Then, the gates of the monastery were ever open with food for hunger, relief for penury, medicine for illness, and for nurses those who strove to fulfil an invitation of their master, even of Him 'who healeth them that are broken of heart, and bindeth up their wounds.' But now 'the hymn is no more to be chanted in the lady chapel ;

and the candles are no more to be lit upon the high altar, and the gate of the poor is to be closed forever, and the wanderer hath no more a home!"\* But, my dear child, I have preached you a sermon. What do you want to know of convents?"

"Whether they really give that peace which they promise to weary hearts."

"God only giveth peace, my daughter; but there is no place where it more frequently comes from His hand than to the cell of the humble nun."

"Then I may yet seek such a cell," she said, half to herself.

"You, Edith, what ails you, my child? You look feverish and jaded. You must rest."

But Edith pressed her hands upon her heart, and left the room.

When Mr. Graham reached his house in town, he found his nephew waiting for him.

\* *D'Israeli's Sybil.*

"I sent for you, my dear uncle, to prepare you for an interview of some importance."

"An interview ! with whom ? Tell me, Norman, is it with Dick ? With my dear son ?"

"Yes, sir," said Norman ; "but remember that he is still very feeble, and that a little excitement may make him ill again."

"Has he forgiven me, Norman ? Does he speak kindly of his old father ?"

"He was most anxious to see you, sir, and has been so for two or three days."

"And where is he ? Take me to him at once."

"He is not in the house, sir ; but I expect him every instant. There, sir, is the sound of carriage-wheels. I will go down, and bring him up."

In a few moments the door was opened, and as soon as Dick Graham had entered, immediately closed.

"Father, dear father!" and he rushed into the old man's arms.

"Do you forgive me, Dick? Do you forgive me?" faltered the old man.

"Forgive me rather, my father, and forget my wicked ingratitude, and oblivion of all your love."

They sat down upon a sofa, the father still holding Dick's hand, and murmuring half aloud—

"Rejoice with me, for this my son was dead, but is alive again, was lost, but is found."

But when he turned and looked steadily upon him, his voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Dear Dick, how terribly you have altered. You look like a shadow more than a living man."

"That I am living, sir, you must thank my kind preserver."

"Him whom I saw by your bed, my son?"



"Yes, sir."

"Who is he, Dick? And how did you become acquainted with him?"

"I did not know him, sir. In the service of God, he was moving about through the wretched purlieu in which you found me, administering relief and consolation, more like an angel than a man. My groans drew him to the garret in which I lay. He found me, as he has since told me, in violent delirium, calling on your name."

The old man grasped the hand he held still more closely.

"He gave me powders which allayed my fever, sat by me and nursed me with the tenderness of a mother, until I began to show signs of returning health. But I was still feeble, and still impenitent and hardened. A little excitement threw me again into a fever, under the influence of which I was, when you came. Dear father, I never can forgive myself for the treatment which I showed to your gray hairs."

"Forget it, Dick, forget it. I too have sinned."

"When I had attained sufficient strength," continued the young man, pursuing his narrative, "he began his ministry to my soul; rebuked me sternly for my undutiful and unfilial bearing, and dispersed my feeble arguments in its defence to the winds. He taught me to love you, sir, even more than I had ever done. He filled the aching void within me, which had ministered only to sin, with holy thoughts. He taught me the way to God, and how to pray, and to weep with the weeping of true penitence. O, sir, nothing but the devotion of my life can repay him for his goodness to me."

"And why did you not bring him with you, that I too might thank him?"

"I did, sir; he is with my cousin below."

"Let us go to him, and—"

"One moment's delay, sir; learn all that he has done for me."

He hesitated for one moment, and then proceeded—

“Father, I am about to give you pain, and new sorrow perhaps, but I must tell you all. The system in which you had educated me was always too harsh and bitter for my temperament. Many of its articles, pardon my language, sir, I found utterly false, when I began to mingle with the world. You had taught me to look upon all Catholics with abhorrence and distrust; I believed that no one of them could be trustworthy or sincere. I found them in the world to be just like other men, bad and good, with the same impulses, desires, and affections, which characterize their fellow-beings. I found my thoughts of them baseless and false, and I supposed that all you taught me were so. Thus, sir, I became an infidel. My better angel drew me from this dark pit of sin, and as he saved my body, so he also saved my soul. But, sir, I am a Catholic !”

"My dear boy, *that* does not sever the feeblest tie between us."

His son looked at him in amazement, but he only smiled and said—

"Come, shall we now go and see this better angel of yours?"

And arm in arm they went to seek him, Mr. Graham finding in him, as he expected, the stranger whom he had before met.

"How shall I thank you, sir?" said he as he approached with extended hand; "how shall I thank you for your goodness to my son?"

"I am already paid, sir, by seeing your joy and his amendment. Besides, what good I have been enabled to do to your son was but the fulfilment of duty."

"Can I do nothing, then, to prove my gratitude?"

"Nothing, sir. I cannot want for aught which would be to my welfare; and I am happy in the exercise of my duty."

"Your duty would seem to me to be only

relief of the sick and poor ; to lead the blind, to help the feeble, to console in sorrow and exhort in sin."

"Such, sir, is the tenor of the vow that binds me."

"You are then, sir —"

"A member of the Society of Jesus!"

## CHAPTER XI.

"The book is completed,  
And closed like the day;  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.  
Song sinks into silence,  
The story is told,  
The windows are darken'd,  
The hearthstone is cold." *Longfellow.*

## DEATH—LOVE—THE END OF ALL.

"NORMAN," said his uncle to Ruthven, one morning, some time after this, "I want you to look over my papers with me, for you must now consider yourself my son and heir."

"Your heir, sir!" said Ruthven, astonished. "Why, have you then cast my cousin off?"

"No; but Dick is about to enter the Society of Jesus. You start. It is with my full consent and approbation."

"Your religion, then, sir —" began Ruthven.

"Is the same as yours, Norman. God, the all-merciful, has opened mine eyes to see His holy truth. I am a Catholic; at 'the eleventh hour,' it is true, but I trust not too late."

Ruthven grasped the old man's hand, without speaking.

"And now," continued Mr. Graham, "I would atone, by kindness to her children, for the wrongs done to your mother. You will accept, then, my son, these offers."

And Norman, full of gratitude, could make no further opposition, but complied, and was soon busily engaged in attending to his uncle's affairs in the city.

From this he was called by a letter from the country: his sister, it said, was dying.

"Ah!" he said, "I must be left alone. Of what use is this wealth now? It cannot bring back the lost: it cannot buy happiness." But as rapidly as possible he made

his arrangements, and started for Bloomingdale.

At the door of the house his aunt met him, and he saw by her face that there was no hope.

"My poor Florry!" he gasped, and the tears filled his eyes.

And Florence in her sick-room heard the rattle of the wheels, and asked if it were her brother, and prayed that he might come up at once.

So Ruthven was sent up, and at the first look upon his sister's face, he saw death written upon it; and clasping the thin hand which she stretched out to welcome him, he fell upon his knees by the bedside and wept: and while he so knelt, she held her crucifix before her eyes, and thanked Him who comforteth the dying.

When he looked up, he saw that the nurse of his sister was Edith Grey.

"Dear Norman," said Florence to him, "I am dying. I will never see another morn-



ing. I am very grateful that God has sent you to me, to say good-by."

"Don't leave me, Florry," he said, with the folly of passionate sorrow; "don't leave me alone. I have none on earth but you. You must not die yet."

"Hush, Norman; do not speak so. It is better for me to go. I have suffered very much here. Bend down close to me, Norman. I dreamed this morning of our mother: not as we saw her last, emaciated and pallid and sad; but radiant, and oh! how beautiful, how very beautiful! You remember the smile that came to her lips when the last struggle ceased?"

"Yes, dear Florence," he answered faintly.

"Well, she had the same smile this morning, only brighter: and she said we would all be together soon, never to part again. And since then there have been faces of angels, and the sweet eyes of the Mother of God have looked on me from the skies,—

What a beautiful day!—is it not, Edith?—I hear the song of the birds,—and the breath of the flowers comes to me, and—I feel very happy.” And she raised her large eyes to heaven, and then turned them upon her brother and upon Edith.

“I feel now as if I could sleep. Good-by till I wake again, Norman;” and she put her arms round his neck, and drew him down and kissed him. “Good-by, Edith;” and Edith Grey kissed the lips of the dying girl. And then, holding her crucifix close to her bosom, Florence Ruthven sank into a calm and tranquil sleep.

And in that sleep she passed away!

O, the human heart, the wonderful human heart! None but God could have made it, none save God can understand it! The cold clay there—what feeling surged like waves, hope upon hope, and sorrow upon sorrow, and passion and faith, and great tenderness—in its unfathomable deeps. A lady and a Catholic; a governess, and the governess of a

vulgarian and a Protestant. Firm in assaults on her religion ; calmly superior to the petty insults daily offered ; but passionate and tender to the whisperings of affection and gentleness. She had consumption ; but the news of Singleton's marriage had hastened the blow of death. And so she faded, happier so than in life, with the last consolations of the holy Church to smooth her pillow. It was somewhat consumption ; it was somewhat a broken heart.

And in a day or two Norman followed her, and saw her laid by the side of her mother. Then the funeral attendants dropped off one by one, and Richard Graham put his arm through his cousin's and led him away.

That evening, when Norman Ruthven came from the churchyard to his room, he knelt beside the table and cried like any child.

"I am alone now in the world. What thing shall love me now ? Florry—Florry, my sweet sister ! the dust of the grave is

upon you !—But,” he murmured, as he rose from his knees, “ she is with God now !”

As he rose a piece of paper caught his eye. It was the writing of Edith Grey, and the words were these :—

“ Strew flowers upon the bier, pale flowers,  
Whose life and bloom are fled.

For such must emblem *her*. *Was* she not ours ?  
*Is* she not with the dead ?

Ah ! it was meet, when closed her gentle eye,  
That flowers and all bright things of earth should  
die.

“ Gaze on the consecrated urn,  
And watch its fumes ascend ;  
See spice and aloes in the censer burn,  
And their rich fragrance blend.

Lo, as the vapor heavenward floats away,  
So soar'd her pure soul from its house of clay.

“ Place that one spotless gem aright,  
She cannot bind it now ;  
Let the clear glory of that emerald's light  
Flash from her marble brow.\*

What need we now, the jewel's flashing ray ?  
Our purest and our best hath pass'd away !

\* The Poles bound an emerald, the emblem of resurrection,  
upon the foreheads of their dead.

“Chant in your hearts the funeral hymn,  
As ye uplift the bier;  
And though *our* hearts be sad, *our* eyes be dim  
With many a bitter tear,  
Yet let *her* pass along her narrow road,  
With light, with fragrance, and with song to God!

“Oh, holy mother, throned in heaven,  
Plead, till she dwell with thee!  
And let thy blest, prevailing prayer be given  
To thy great Son for me!  
So shall I tread, even as thou long hast trod,  
By the blue streams that lave the Eden of my God!”

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On the same day, Singleton and his wife were sitting at the breakfast-table; a servant entering brought the morning papers and some notes. The lady seized upon the latter, and her husband took up a newspaper, but he saw the notes, as each was opened, laid successively before him.

He glanced at them, and found them bills.

“Duns, eh!” said he. “Well, we must call upon your father, my dear, and get him to lend us some—”

"Oh, you may spare yourself the trouble! Pa, I know, cannot spare us one cent."

"My dear!" exclaimed the gentleman, in astonishment.

"My love?" said the lady, interrogatively.

"Do you mean to say, Mary, that your father cannot give us any money?"

"Why, yes; I thought you knew that pa had made something—an assignment, I think they call it—two years ago, and has nothing to live on but an allowance from his creditors. But what of that? you are rich enough."

"Am I, madam? I rejoice to hear it, as I was perfectly unaware of it, myself."

"Why, are you not wealthy? have you not plenty of money?"

"Not fifty dollars in the world, ma'am. I borrowed the fee which paid the parson for the possession of your valuable hand. Fool! Idiot!" And he stamped up and down the room. Mrs. Singleton began to cry.

"What are you whimpering for?" he asked, "what good will that do you?"

"I always thought you were rich," sobbed his wife, "and you dressed so nicely, and had such beautiful jewellery, and were so fashionable, and so—"

"Pshaw!" he ejaculated, and stamped from the room.

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Some time after this, Ruthven was looking over his sister's papers, for she had left a letter requesting him to do so. And there he saw displayed her sweet unselfish nature. There were half-worked purses and guard-chains; and there was an envelope endorsed, "*To be returned to Norman.*" In it, he found untouched, her share of the little wealth left by their mother. And there was her journal, the record of her heart for the time since her mother's death—a record of sorrow, and the thoughts born of sorrow. But now, the Catholic—the governess—the forsaken, was at peace.

One package of letters was endorsed, "*To be burned*;" but Norman opened them. First, fell out a short curl of dark hair; then a ring, set with turquoise; then some leaves, which he saw had been torn from her journal; and the notes were signed, "George Singleton;" and the leaves of the journal told the story of his sister's heart and of Singleton's baseness.

The darkness of deep hate passed into Ruthven's heart, and he swore to be revenged.

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Three months passed away. The old mien had returned to Ruthven, and all gloom had left his face to settle at his heart. But his jests were as ready and his smile as bright as they had ever been. Most men thought him ordinarily happy. But often in the midnight the strength of his proud heart would give way, and passionate tears would stream upon his pillow. Some thoughts he had too deep for sight. One was his love





"How and when did he leave you, Mrs. Singleton?"

"When he found that I was poor," she replied, "some two or three weeks after our marriage, he upbraided me with deceit, cursed, and left me, and I have never seen his face since. Oh, Mr. Ruthven, how terribly am I punished! I thought him wealthy; and I would have sacrificed any thing for wealth at that time. I did so—and what am I, now? It is a terrible fall, Mr. Ruthven."

"But why do you not go to your father?"

"He is dead."

"Will not your friends do something for you?"

"I have no friends."

"I feel for your situation, Mrs. Singleton, and will do what I can to relieve you. Call upon me to-morrow morning."

And giving her his address, they parted.

On the next morning, accordingly, Mrs.

Singleton called on Ruthven. She looked haggard and terrified.

"Oh, Mr. Ruthven," she exclaimed, "he has found me."

Ruthven started, but controlled his emotion.

"Who, Mrs. Singleton?" he asked calmly. "Your husband?"

"Yes, sir, and has threatened me with death, if I tell his coming to any one. He has robbed, and the officers of justice are after him. He has taken from me the money which you gave me, and ordered me to come to you and beg for more. He says that I cheated him, and that now I shall support him."

"Is he much changed in appearance?"

"Yes, sir; you would scarcely know him now. His face is bloated, and his manner coarse and brutal."

"And he threatened your life, you say?"

"Yes, sir, and worse than that. He made the most revolting proposals to me, and when

I rejected them with scorn, cursed me and said that he had paid dearly enough for me, and that now he would dispose of me at his pleasure."

"I will take care to have you placed beyond his power to injure you," said Norman; "meantime, take this for your present necessities, and let me see you again in the morning. When did he say he would visit you again?"

"To-night, sir, at dusk."

"Well, madam, try to baffle him for this one night, and to-morrow you shall be out of his power."

"God bless you, sir," said the poor creature, sobbing. "You have saved my life. I had eaten nothing all day, and had resolved to end both life and misery when you met and relieved me."

"Thank God, Mrs. Singleton, who has saved you from a double crime. Now give me your address."

And the woman left him.

At night, as she sat upon a low stool in the miserable room she occupied, weeping over happier remembrances, a stealthy step approached the door, which opened, and Singleton, looking round cautiously, entered.

"Well," he said, "did you see this new friend of yours?"

"I did see my generous and kind benefactor."

"We won't quarrel about names," he answered; "but did he give you money?"

"Yes; here it is, take it, and go away."

"Ah! you are in a hurry to get rid of me," he sneered. "Do you expect him here? A nice place to receive him, this. But what has he given you? One dollar and a quarter! His generosity won't injure him."

"He gave me more; but I have purchased clothes and food with it."

"Yet I told you," he said, coming up to her, and clutching her shoulder, "I told you

that I must have money to-night, and that you must furnish it."

"I have given you all I have. Do take it, and begone."

"Not so soon, madam. I must have money, and you shall furnish it."

"I cannot; where shall I look for money?"

He stooped, and whispered in her ear something so horrible that she started from it, and shrieked rather than said—

"For God's sake, do not speak so. Remember that I am your wife. Take all I possess! Take my life! but do not speak of such a thing. Have not I fallen low enough?"

"Go, get me money!" he said, "or I may take you at your word, and take your life. Money!" and he struck her upon the forehead; but when he raised his hand again she shrieked and fled. She gained the door, and passed through it; and as he pursued her, a tall form met him at the threshold. The next moment, the gripe of his foe was

upon his throat; and, with the resistless strength of hate, Ruthven drove him back into the room. He looked up, and when he recognised Norman's face, he covered his face with his hands. The next instant he was dashed upon the floor, and Ruthven knelt above him.

"Have you a prayer to say?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"Mercy!" gasped the wretch.

"Address God! not me," said his enemy.

"Will you pray?"

"I cannot."

"Then die!" and he compressed the grasp upon his throat.

Suddenly from an opposite and open casement came the sound of a harp, and a sweet voice chanted—

"Ave Purissima!

We lift our souls to thee!"

And at the sounds, the demon of revenge *passed* from Ruthven's heart.

"God forgive me. Pray for me, holy Mother of God!" and he rose from the prostrate Singleton.

"You are saved from a hasty death, and I from an awful sin. Go! I forgive you!"

But at this moment two policemen entered the door, and seized Singleton.

"We'll save you the trouble of going," said one. "You have given us trouble enough, my fine chap."

And so they led him away.

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A little after this, as Edith sat alone in her room, a servant entered, and told her that a gentleman asked an interview, and was waiting in the drawing-room.

She descended, and found Ruthven. He was leaning against the mantel-piece, and held in his hand a paper, on which she recognised her own writing.

He approached, and held the paper before her.

"Edith Grey, did you write those verses?"



"I did," she replied.

"Are you a Catholic?" and he fixed his dark eyes steadily upon her. A crimson blush passed over her face. She raised her eyes for one moment, and that glance paid him for all his sorrow. He opened his arms, and Edith Grey rested upon his heart!

## APPENDIX A.

“Every deed of Christ is a boast of the Catholic Church, but her boast of boasts is the Cross.” *St. Cyril of Jerus. Cat. xiii. 1.*

THE writer has chosen to give a catena Patrum on this point, because it is the very sign and symbol of Catholicity. The Catholic is recognised by the use of this holy sign; and the wicked prejudice which obtains against it is, to the writer's experience, more difficult of eradication than is any other. When the Protestant has learned to venerate the blessed cross, he is on the high road to Catholicity.

S. BARNABAS, APOSTLE. A. D. 52-63.

“Yet further, the Holy Spirit saith by Moses, when Israel was fighting with and beaten by a strange people; to the end that God might put them in mind how that for

their sins they were delivered unto death : yea, the Holy Spirit put it into the heart of Moses to represent both the sign of the cross and of Him that was to suffer."—c. xi. 3; *vid. et viii. 12, et seq. vid. et S. Hieron. in Exod. xvii., S. Cyprian. Treat. iii. 21.*

S. IGNATIUS, ANTIOCHENUS. A. D. 107.

"Drawn up to Heaven by the engine of the cross." *Eph. ix.*

TERTULLIAN. A. D. 198.

"At every step, at every coming in or going out, at clothing ourselves or binding on our sandals; when we wash; at our meals, at going to bed or at sitting down, we fortify our foreheads with the sign of the cross." *Corona Militis, c. iv. vid. et Tertul. de Orat. Domin.*

ORIGEN. A. D. 214.

"Fear, therefore, and terror shall fall upon the devils, when they see faithfully fixed upon us the sign of the cross, and the might

of those arms which the Lord expanded on the cross. As he says, '*All day long have I stretched out My hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.*' Never do they fear thee unless they see the cross upon thee: unless thou canst say, '*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me and I unto the world.*'" *Hom. vi. in Exod.*

S. CYPRIAN. A. D. 250.

"Finally, whoever may be the ministers of the Sacraments, the hand which baptizes and anoints, or the breast from which holy things go forth, the authority for operation in all the sacraments is effectually shown by the sign of the cross." *De Pass. Christi vid. et Epist. lxxvi. 2; lviii. 10; Treat. iii. 21, 22.*

S. CYRIL OF JERUSALEM. A. D. 315.

"Be thou not ashamed then of the cross

of Christ ; but if others choose to hide it, do thou display it openly upon thy forehead, that devils, seeing this kingly sign, may flee trembling. Make thou this sign when thou eatest or drinkest, sittest, liest down or arise ; in speaking, in walking about, and, in fine, on every occasion." *Cate.* iv. 14 ; *vid.* et xii. 4, 8 ; xiii. 2, 3, 12, 19, 40, 41 ; xv. 10, 22.

S. GREGORY NYSSEN. A. D. 334.

" Hasten, ye poor and feeble sheep, to the distribution of the royal bounty ; to the sign and seal of the cross, which brings strength and remedy against evil." *Adv. eos qui deferunt Bapt. E., et vita de S. Greg. Thau. D.*

S. AUGUSTINE. A. D. 390.

" What is that sign of Christ which all have known, if it be not the cross of Christ ? Which sign if not applied to the foreheads of the faithful, to the water wherein they are baptized, to the chrism wherewith they are anointed, to the sacrifice whereby they are

nourished, none of these things is duly performed." *Tract cxviii. in Joann. etiam Tract xi. in S. Joann. Confess. lib. l. c. 7; in Psalm 50, § 1; Ps. 141, § 9.*

S. CHRYSOSTOM. A. D. 407.

"Let no man therefore be ashamed of the honored symbols of our salvation, and of the chiefest of all good, whereby we ever live, and whereby we are; but as a crown, so let us bear about the cross of Christ: yea, for by it all things are wrought that are done among us. Whether one is to be new-born, the cross is there; or to be nourished with the mystical food, or to be ordained, or to do any thing else, everywhere our symbol of victory is present. Therefore both on our houses and walls and windows, and upon our foreheads we inscribe it with much care. For of the salvation wrought, and of our common freedom, and of the goodness of our Lord, this is the token. \* \* \* \*  
This sign, both in the days of our forefathers

and now, hath opened doors once shut up, (*S. Greg. Nyss. vit. de Greg. Thaum.*); this hath quenched poisonous drugs; this hath taken away the power of hemlock; this hath healed the bites of venomous beasts." *Hom. liv. in S. Mat. vid. et cont. Judæos*, c. 9, t. 1; *Hom. ii. Romans i. 16*; *Hom. xv. on the Statues*, 7. See, also, *Eusebius, Life of Constantine*, L. 1, c. 22; *S. Basil, de S. Spirit.* c. 27; *S. Athanasius de Virgin.* n. 13; *de Incarnatione*, n. 47, et cap. seq.; *S. Gregory Nazianzen, in Lib. Nem. Pag. Carm. cont. Diab. et cont. iram.*; *S. Jerome, ad Eustochiam*, § 37; *Ep. 130, ad Demet.* § 9; *ad Heliod. et vit. S. Pauli.*

Yet is this catena but for the first three centuries alone. There would be no end to later authorities. By such is the Church supported.

THE END.





1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions of the Board of Directors of the Corporation.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions of the Board of Directors of the Corporation.



